

HEROIC LIVES

ALBERT R. VAIL

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OF GRADED LESSONS

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HEROIC LIVES

BY

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AND

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FOREWORD

Palaces, temples and empires crumble and are buried in the dust. Our social and philosophic systems "have their day" and "cease to be." Lives which are resplendent in virtue, heroic in action, radiant in loving-kindness are the enduring glory of the world. The following pages would present lives which portray these qualities and, if possible, make them live before us. To do this we have often quoted their words or the words about them written by their near friends. For these quotations we are indebted to the authors of the various volumes used.

Our thanks are due to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use the quotations in the chapters on William Baldwin, Jr., Alice Freeman Palmer, and Theodore Parker; to Macmillan Company and the New York Times for the quotations used in the chapters on "A Saint and a Poet from India;" to the Open Court Publishing Company for the selection from Dr. Carus' *Gospel of Buddha*; to E. P. Dutton and Company for the quotations from their *Wisdom of the East Series* in the chapters on Zoroaster and Buddha, and to Fleming H. Revell Company for the quotations from the *Twentieth Century New Testament* in the chapters on Paul and Apostles. We are also indebted to other kind publishers and authors whose works are mentioned in the bibliographies and footnotes. The editors of this course have helped us greatly by their words of counsel and suggestion. But most of all are we indebted to the heroes themselves who, through the outshining of the Holy Spirit of God in their words and deeds, have brought perpetual inspiration and refreshment.

THE AUTHORS.

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NOTE. — The pages in this book have been made to correspond with the paging of the same stories in the Teachers Manual which accompanies it.

A HERO OF THE SEA

HEROIC LIVES

CHAPTER I

A HERO OF THE SEA

(Adapted from *Captain Scott, Master Diver*, by F. HOPKINSON SMITH)

A LIFE SAVER and a sea captain was Thomas A. Scott. When first we hear of him he was a boy of fifteen, captain of a little sloop in the Chesapeake bay, a "bay pungy" which carried wood from port to port. In the bow of the boat was "a fo'castle the size of a dry goods box in which slept the captain and crew." The crew consisted of a negro boy of twelve.

When Scott grew to manhood he became a master diver. He would put on a suit of rubber and fasten over his head a great helmet. Into this helmet the air was pumped so he could breathe when he dropped into the depths of the sea. Heavy plates at back and breast and shoes of lead made him sink to the bottom. There he would explore the wrecks of sunken steamers. If the ships could not be saved he would put dynamite under them to blow them up when they blocked the channel of the harbor. Once he stayed under water for seven hours and forty-eight minutes, which was a record up to that time.

For seven years he worked with Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, building the Race Rock Lighthouse off New London Harbor. Now this lighthouse was to be built out in the wild Atlantic ocean, eight miles from any shore. The foundation they had to work on was a shoal of rocks. Part of this shoal was above the

surface of the water. The other part was deep under the waves. They decided to fill this submerged part with rocks until it was on a level with the rest. They could work at this only when the tide was low. Then Captain Scott, dressed in his rubber suit and helmet, would dive down into the sea and place the foundation stones on the slippery rocks. Sometimes he would have to dive again and again to place one stone, because unless it was fastened with the greatest security, when the tide came in the waves would wash away the stone and the work would be undone.

He feared nothing save danger for the men who worked with him. All his life he was "one who was not afraid and who spoke the truth." He would run great risks himself, but never out of mere bravado. Some sailors, some courageous boys are reckless. They take risks just "on a dare." Captain Scott never took a risk unless some good was to come of it. His most courageous deeds were always for the sake of his friends, to help them out of trouble. He would say that only a fool would risk his life just on a dare. Life is too precious to throw it away for nothing.

The difference between real heroism and mere bravado he showed clearly one day while he was working on the foundation for the Race Rock Lighthouse. The mighty Atlantic was rising for a storm. It was no time to be in the water; so Scott was standing on the dry rocks taking off the heavy plates of his diving suit. Suddenly a sloop loaded with stone for the new lighthouse veered toward the half-submerged rocks near which he was standing. By this time the new foundation was nearly built up. There was hardly enough water covering it to carry a boat over the jagged rocks even in fair weather.

"Turn back home," shouted Captain Scott. But the foolish captain of the sloop, willing to defy the

storm hurling in from the East, kept right on. In a few minutes he would be driven on the crags and his boat ripped open and sunk.

Now Scott knew that the craft belonged to an old man and his wife and that if she were destroyed it would probably mean poverty and desolation for the dear old people, for the money received from the renting of the sloop was their chief income. The thought of their possible suffering he could not endure.

In a second he was down on the half-submerged rocks, diving suit and all, and out into the midst of the foaming waves. His mind always worked like flashes of lightning in moments of danger, and he knew just what to do. From rock to rock he clambered, slipping and falling into the water and climbing up again, until he got in front of the sloop as she came driving on to the threatening crags. There he stood braced to catch her bow on his shoulders. He was very strong, with chest and back like steel. Over and over he caught the bow as the sloop was about to be dashed on the rocks, and shoved her out again. Each time he ran the risk of slipping and being ground to death between the oncoming sloop and the rocks. But he must at any hazard protect his old friends from a loss which would mean poverty.

All the time he was shouting orders, when he could, to the captain and to his own men. After a terrible struggle the sloop was saved and he climbed back to safety. It never occurred to him that he had done anything worthy of mention.

Perhaps Scott's most heroic deed was the saving of the Hoboken ferry boat one wintry morning in the Hudson River. The ferry boat carried teams and horses, and hundreds of men and women from Hoboken to New York.

This morning the river was full of blocks of ice,

and the huge boat was struggling to make her way through them. In the midst of her trouble a river tug lunged into her and cut a deep V-shaped gash in her side. "The next instant a shriek went up from hundreds of throats. Women, with blanched faces, caught terror-stricken children in their arms, while men, crazed with fear, scaled the rails and upper decks to escape the plunging of the overthrown horses. A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice."

At that instant Captain Scott happened to be passing in a tug which he was running for the Off-Shore Wrecking Company. Quickly he pulled alongside the sinking ferry boat and jumped on her deck. "If he had fallen from a passing cloud the effect could not have been more startling. Men crowded about him and caught his hands. Women sank on their knees and hugged their children, and a sudden peace and stillness possessed every soul on board." People trust strong men like Captain Scott.

He looked about a moment to see what could be done, then he ordered the mass of people to the other side of the boat, away from the side that was sinking. This change of weight gradually righted the stricken boat until she regained a nearly even keel. Then he rushed down to the engine room. There the water was pouring through the great gash in torrents. He pulled mattresses from the bunks, life-preservers from the racks and tried to stuff them into the breach. They would not stay in place, and the icy water still poured into the boat.

He stopped for an instant in doubt what to do next. Then, to the amazement of the sailors who were watch-

ing, he forced his own body into the hole and thus held back the water. His arm and shoulder he pushed outside in order to hold himself steady, and as the ferry boat slowly pulled into the New York dock the ice blocks in the river scraped against him and tore away the flesh from his wrist to his shoulder.

After an hour's effort the landing was accomplished, and then they went to look for Captain Scott. They found him still in the hole, quite unconscious, almost frozen by the icy water. A doctor was called and every effort made to revive him. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages, "Wuz any of them babies hurt?" That was his only concern. If he had saved the lives on board, his own suffering did not matter.

It was a month before he recovered and then came an astounding event. Captain Scott was in the employ of a wrecking company which made a business of sending boats up and down the river to help any other boat in trouble. They would charge money for the services they rendered. The manager of this company now wanted to collect money for saving the disabled ferry boat, and asked Scott to sign a paper telling what he had done. Our brave, generous captain could scarcely believe his ears.

"Look at this arm," he cried. "Do you think I'd got into that hole if it hadn't been for them women cryin' and the babies a-hollerin'? And you want 'em to pay for it!" The next day he was seeking employment with another company. A hero will suffer and die to save the women and the babies, but not for money.

In all Captain Scott's life there is nothing more splendid than his refusal to accept pay for saving the women and children on the sinking ferry boat.

And because he refused to ask for money for saving human life he lost his position with the wrecking company. It is hard to face a raging sea. It is harder sometimes for a man to face poverty for himself and his wife and children. The true hero can, like Captain Scott, face both and not be afraid.

When he was too old to sail or dive or save sinking ships he spent his time aiding the poor in New London, the town where he lived. Because he was so fearless and self-sacrificing his comrades were devoted to his slightest wish. He sent children to school, he helped old sailors, and just before his death he telephoned to a coal company to send a ton of coal to a poor woman. Six hundred people whom he had helped came to his funeral. His friend Mr. Smith says: "You admire some men, you respect and fear others, Scott you loved." The men that people love are not those who are merely rich or finely dressed. A rough sea-dog like Captain Scott can win affection and admiration which a hundred million dollars cannot buy.

A KNIGHT OF THE MARKET PLACE

CHAPTER II

A KNIGHT OF THE MARKET PLACE

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR. was a knight of big business. He sat in his office and managed railroads and great crowds of brakemen and engineers. He was a hero because he conducted his business not to pile up money for himself but to serve the people of the country.

His love for others began to appear when he was a boy. He always used his spending money to buy something, not for himself, but for his family. His father was a man whom poets like Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes love to celebrate, for he gave all his life to helping the young men of Boston. William, seeing that his noble father was having difficulty supporting his family of nine children in the big city of Boston, decided to help him. So every morning he arose at half past four o'clock and started on a route selling newspapers. In this way he earned a few dollars every week for the family.

In school and college he was immensely popular. His days were full of play and laughter. His cheeks were ruddy, his health superb. He was a leader among the boys and college students, and stood at the front in all sorts of clubs and organizations. His joyous spirits, combined with what his sister calls "the rare tenderness of his nature," made everybody like him. He was so sympathetic and full of kindness even for animals that "the lump is in his throat if word comes (from home) that the dog Roger is ill." All through his college days he was beloved for his

manliness and for the mingled strength and sweetness of his character.

When he graduated from Harvard College there came the problem of choosing his profession. At first he wanted to be a minister so that he might spend all his time doing good. Then he decided he was better fitted for business. President Eliot helped him to secure work with a railroad company, and in a few weeks he found himself at Omaha, Nebraska, launched upon his career in the rather humble rôle of clerk in a railroad office.

He carried to his work in the office the same energy which he gave to a club in college. Employees in stores and offices are required to work through the day until a certain time, five or six o'clock perhaps, in the afternoon. Many watch the clock as they work and stop at the first stroke of the hour appointed. Baldwin never thought of the clock. He labored on, often three hours past the closing time, till his work was done. He got the reputation of being a "terrible overtimer." But his earnestness and concentration made him do his work especially well. He was quickly promoted, and in a few years was himself managing a railroad in the rough, wild mountains of Montana. When he was only twenty-seven years old he was made General Manager of the Père Marquette Railroad in Michigan. And at the age of thirty-three he was a railroad president, head of the Long Island Railroad running out of New York.

"Big business" is a game. Thousands of men are playing it in offices all over the world. The men who win get great rewards. As they come out victor they can take either one of two prizes, a great fortune or the power to do great service to the people around them. Baldwin won in the game called the railroad business. He could have made a fortune. But he

said that was not worth while. What was the use of a lot of money? He lived simply; he had what he needed. So he turned down chance after chance to get rich. We may well believe that, had there been a mountain of gold on either side of him and down the valley beyond a workman to be helped, Baldwin would have looked neither to the right nor to the left but would have run to the aid of the man in trouble. Or, if the ground had been paved with diamonds, he would have pressed right on and never have stopped to pick up a single precious stone.

No, he wanted the real prize, the power to help his workmen and the people of his country. In the railroad office as in the college classroom he longed to help someone. Now when he became manager and then president of a railroad he had the opportunity to achieve his wish.

Out in Montana he found that his workmen ruined themselves by drink. But why, he asked, do they crowd to the saloon? He saw that it was because they had nowhere else to go to meet their friends. He resolved to save his workmen from destroying themselves through drink by building them attractive library clubs. So he established a whole line of such libraries and stocked them with the best books. Here the men met their fellow workmen in the evening and at noontime. And here in reading great books and in wholesome good fellowship many of them forgot all about the saloon.

Strikes were threatened. He saw with his sympathetic heart that workingmen need wages just as much as railroad presidents need their salaries. He therefore tried to raise wages just as fast as he could. Sometimes he cut down the big salaries of the managers to do so. But when there was no more money with which to raise the wages he would talk it all over

with the leaders of the labor unions in the kindest way. And soon all would be settled, leaving employers and laborers the best of friends.

The railroads have sometimes been called the arteries of a nation. As the big arteries in our bodies carry the pure blood, giving every portion of the body its needed supply, so do railroads distribute all over the country the necessary supplies of food, coal, clothes, and other materials. Hence the life of the nation depends upon the railroads. If the trains should stop running and bringing wheat and flour from the Dakotas or Minnesota to Chicago and New York the people in those great cities would starve, for they cannot grow wheat or make flour there. When Baldwin ran the railroads he was helping feed the people of the cities. The better he ran them the better would the people be fed.

But William Baldwin's hours of service were not confined to his office alone. He was a member of many societies which try to make the world into a great brotherhood and he was always a leader. He helped Booker T. Washington educate the colored boys and girls at Tuskegee. President Roosevelt in his many plans for the benefit of the nation counted him one of his most trusted advisers. Every spare minute when his office work was over, every free moment as he travelled through the country, he devoted to helping someone. One day, as he was walking on a street in Omaha he saw a man beating his horse. Quickly he ran out into the middle of the street and stopped the cruel deed. This experience led him to found a society in Omaha for the protection of dumb animals.

At another time he was riding on an elevated train in New York. As the train passed by one of the stations he saw from his window a woman holding

in her arms a little child who looked pale and ill. He left the train at the next station, went back until he found the woman, and inquired of her the cause of her child's illness. He learned that with proper care the child could be cured. But the mother had no money to pay for such care. Mr. Baldwin himself took the little patient to a hospital and made all arrangements for him to stay there until he was well and strong.

Again, he was sailing over the Atlantic ocean. He found out about a woman on board who was ill, and had a child to care for. She was exceedingly poor and could only afford a miserable room. Mr. Baldwin could not be comfortable in his spacious stateroom any longer. He kept thinking of the poor suffering mother. And so he gave her his stateroom for the rest of the voyage.

During the last days of the Spanish-American war he was notified that his railroad must be ready in six days time to receive and transport the thousands of soldiers who were returning home to America. This was a colossal task on such short notice. Great numbers of extra trains must be rushed to the eastern terminus of his road and tracks and sheds must be built to receive the extra traffic. Mr. Baldwin left his offices in New York and went to take personal supervision of the work. For two weeks he labored day and night. But in the midst of it all he found the time when the soldiers arrived to care for those who were sick and to give his personal attention to their needs. In the midst of bewildering turmoil, with many calls upon his attention, he took the time to write six letters about a sick soldier boy. He arranged for him to get to his home in Ohio, and sent him there at his own expense.

We have all read of King Arthur's knights of the

round table. We know Lowell's poem which tells of Sir Launfal who went forth "in his gilded mail to seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

William Baldwin was such a knight in quest of the Holy Grail. Wherever he went on his business he was "a Knight Errant of the Market Place." And he found the marvelous cup. He found it in the offices of New York, on board the beautiful ship crossing the Atlantic ocean, among the sick soldiers returning home from war. When, on leaving college, he gave his brilliant life in pure and unselfish service he found the Holy Grail. When, like Sir Launfal in Lowell's beautiful poem, we share our food, our money, our strength, our time in "helping another's need," then we meet the Christ, we drink with him from the priceless cup, the Holy Grail. All the riches and the praise of the world are as nothing beside a draught from that celestial cup. He who wins that cup puts over his shoulders the mantle of "eternal cheerfulness" and the shining garment of joy.

CHINESE GORDON

CHAPTER III

CHINESE GORDON

CHARLES A. GORDON played at soldier when he was a little lad. He made caves in the garden, carrying on make-believe campaigns against savages in far-away countries. As a youth he went to a military school.

Then came the great Crimean War and we find him in the trenches before Sebastopol, in the midst of the most terrible firing. His comrades in the trenches tell us that wherever "dangerous or difficult work was going on there was Gordon." He always knew more about the enemy's movements than any of his comrades. In twelve months in the trenches he learned more of war tactics and the conquest of cities than most soldiers learn in twelve years. His superiors soon recognized his skill and he was promoted to the rank of major and put in various positions of responsibility and danger.

His first great campaign was in China, the oldest empire of the earth. Its four hundred million people as a rule live peacefully. But between the years 1848 and 1865 there occurred a great rebellion. A man, a religious fanatic, had raised an army of 500,000 men and with this army was marching through the country, robbing and killing the people. He is a good example of what is known as the "false prophet." He pretended that God had spoken to him and told him to rule China. He called himself the "Heavenly King," and appointed subordinate generals whom he called the "Eastern King," the "Southern King," the "West-

ern King." He traveled in splendor, and made the people bow down before him with faces to the very ground.

On went the mad fanatic with his soldiers, month after month, plundering and killing the helpless people. He conquered over fifty towns and at last drew near to the great cities of Shanghai and Peking. It looked as though, with his fierce, wild hordes he would soon enter the imperial city of Peking where the Chinese emperors had ruled for ages. The men and women of Shanghai and Peking, the merchants, the mandarins, and the government were filled with terror. This was one of the most dangerous moments in all the ages of Chinese history. What should be done?

Now the merchants of Shanghai had tried to raise an army of their own with which to stop the march of the "Heavenly King." They offered high wages to anybody who would fight for them. This offer attracted a crowd of men which soon swelled to the number of three thousand. And who were they? They were "sailors without a ship and deserters from the enemy, gaol-birds, pirates, roughs, and tramps of all nations, degrees, colors, and characters." Not a very good company, was it? And they called themselves the "Ever Victorious Army." The merchants asked the English government to send them someone to command this Ever Victorious Army. In that band of outlaws lay the only hope of the Chinese Empire. The English government answered that Major Gordon, who was then in China, would come to their aid.

When Major Gordon arrived at Shanghai the merchants and the government turned over these men to him. "Take this army," they said, "and save us from the hundreds of thousands of the rebels."

What a task confronted him! In the first place the

men were quite unmanageable. They had joined the Ever Victorious Army for plunder, for what they could steal. They were really three thousand robbers. Gordon's first order to them was that plunder and stealing should cease. "There shall be no more of this," he said. "The men shall be regularly and well paid and well cared for. But there shall be no more sacking and burning of towns. *I* command soldiers, not robbers."

The bandits rebelled at first. But Gordon by quick and firm measures of discipline brought them to obedience. His splendid courage, the strength of his righteous will gave him power to control these rough, unruly soldiers.

Having conquered his own army he went forth to vanquish the rebel hosts — Major Gordon's three thousand against the "Heavenly King's" five hundred thousand. Battle after battle he fought and won. He never carried any arms himself. Yet he was always to be found at the front, where the firing was heaviest. Once, in the midst of a veritable tempest of shot and shell, he climbed down into a deep ditch to rescue a Chinese baby from drowning. In his hand he used to carry a little bamboo cane which he waved to encourage his soldiers. The Chinese said it was a magic wand by waving which he defeated the thousands of the enemy.

But the secret lay deeper. It was the magic of his fearless heart, his unconquerable will, his keen mind, his trust in God, and his unconcern as to what happened to himself. All he thought of was the deliverance of the people of China from the rebel hordes. His strength was as the strength of ten, as Tennyson says of Sir Galahad, because his heart was pure.

By day he was everywhere, directing the engagements, breathing courage into the hearts of his soldiers.

At night, wrapped in a sleeping bag, fully dressed, he slept with one eye open, as it were, to all that was going on. If the firing grew heavier or lighter than he had commanded it should be, he was up instantly and off to see what was the matter. Sleep was not to be thought of when there was work to be done.

One night at three A. M. he sent word to one of his assistants to come to his tent immediately for important business. The assistant was very drowsy. He had slept only five hours that night. So he told himself it could not be anything important that Major Gordon wanted at such a time, and he slept on. After waiting for an hour Gordon appeared at his bedside, amazed that a soldier could sleep when there was a call to action.

Gordon dressed carefully. Although he slept in his clothes most of the time, he always looked trim and neat. Yet he never spared his clothes when work was pressing, as one of his aids learned to his shame. Gordon had given him a message to take to a certain officer. The officer was on the far side of a moat in which there was muddy, dirty water. Now the aide-de-camp was a sort of "dandy" and at the time was dressed in a new suit. Up and down, up and down the bank he went looking for a bridge so he might cross the dirty water without soiling his clothes. When at last he found a dry place and crossed over he learned that Major Gordon had waded across long before and had delivered the message himself.

With this tireless soldier, this swordless conqueror for their leader, the three thousand desperadoes became in truth the Ever Victorious Army. The rebel hosts broke and fled. The cities they had conquered were taken back again. The empire which had been tottering toward destruction was placed upon a solid foundation. Shanghai and Peking were saved from pillage and ruin, and peace restored in the midst of

anarchy. Major Gordon had quelled one of the greatest rebellions in the world's history. Since that time he has been called Chinese Gordon.

The gratitude of the Chinese officials knew no limits. They gave him the highest honor in the kingdom. They made him a mandarin. They gave him the Peacock Feather and the Yellow Jacket. These were great honors in China, the Yellow Jacket being the highest of all. It was given to twelve men only in an empire of four hundred million people. These twelve were supposed to form an especial guard for the emperor. The receiving of the Yellow Jacket was a long and important ceremony. Major Gordon cared nothing for these honors but he accepted them to please the people.

Then the government, as another token of appreciation, sent him ten thousand dollars in a great chest. With it came a long procession of men marching into the town where he was, each holding above his head a bowl filled with gold and silver. Gordon met them, learned their errand, stopped them, and sent them and the money back to Peking. The Chinese might give him all the love they wished for his saving of their nation. But he did not want their gold. The hero does not rescue a nation for money. Gordon loved the Chinese and the God whose children they are. He would fight to save them for the sake of the approval of his God, and for that only.

During his campaign in China the Chinese government paid him a salary of five hundred dollars a month. He decided what was the least sum he could live on, and then gave all the rest to the soldiers who were sick or wounded or suffering. He went back to England with just five dollars in his pocket. When he left China the people lined the banks of the Hwang-p'u river for a mile and a half and waved their loving farewell as he sailed away.

At home in England the papers were full of his praise, and everyone wished to do him honor. But he stole away to the little town of Gravesend. There he spent quiet evenings in his home reading his Bible and the *Imitation of Christ*. But soon his guests began to arrive. And who do you think they were? Children, mostly; little thieves and tramps, the poor and the ragged, the outcasts of the world, whom Major Gordon had helped and befriended. They would gather around him and he, with his great sweetness of spirit, would tell them stories about the Christ and his Gospel of Peace.

II. GORDON IN EGYPT

He was not, however, long permitted to rest in his quiet home in England. He was needed in another quarter of the world, this time in that part of darkest Africa called the Soudan. We will note on our maps that the southern part of Egypt, through which flows the river Nile is called the Soudan. It stretches far to the south and the west. Part of it is jungle, part desert. All of it is peopled by the black tribes which are native to Africa.

In the year 1875 these tribes were in terrible panic and anarchy, because through the length and breadth of that tropical wilderness went slave catchers. Unscrupulous men they were, who stole men and women and little children, drove them off like cattle and sold them as slaves. The tribes were in constant terror. They were afraid even to plant corn, for the slave dealers would steal their crops as well as their children. Worse yet, the Egyptian officials were scarcely any better. In return for a little money they would help the slave dealers in their terrible work.

The European world was greatly distressed at this state of affairs and wanted it stopped. The King, or

Khedive, as he is called, of Egypt also wanted to put an end to this crime. But who should do it? There was no one in all Egypt strong enough or wise enough for such a task. Then the Khedive remembered how General Gordon had freed China from conditions almost as bad. Here was the man, he decided, to bring peace to the Soudan. When General Gordon consented to come the Khedive offered him a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. This he refused. He said it was too much. He would take enough to cover his expenses, no more.

So he went to Egypt, and with a few soldiers for his companions sailed up the river Nile and into the depths of the African jungle.

Now the African tribes were savage and warlike. They thought that all Egyptian officials were their enemies who would plunder and enslave them. Gordon's first task was to persuade them that he came not to rob them. He only wanted to help them. He wanted to teach them how to plant corn. He wished to give them the things they needed. He must first, however, prove to them that he would not harm them and was not afraid of them.

So when his steamer landed along the banks of the Nile he took his table and went out alone into the jungle. He put the table in a suitable place, sat down and began to write his letters. This he did at every landing place.

The soldiers on the steamer were amazed. They knew the jungle was filled with savages ready to kill any white man. A hundred armed soldiers would not dare to go out there in their midst where Gordon so quietly sat. And what happened? The wild savages were all ready to kill him, but when they saw Gordon sitting there all alone, serene and unafraid, they were filled with awe. A man so fearless must be some

marvelous being, they thought, a sort of god. And they would creep stealthily out of their lairs and crawling through the bushes would come up close to him and touch his garments or kiss his feet. Without lifting a sword or firing a gun he conquered them. The savages who had hated all white men now began to love and trust him.

Thus Gordon traveled up the Nile, through the jungle, and into the depths of central Africa. He drove the slave traders before him. He won the devotion of the tribesmen wherever he went. He placed English steamers on the hitherto unknown waters of lakes Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza, and explored many new regions. He also established a line of military stations and a military highway from these lakes to Cairo.

The Khedive of Egypt now made him Governor General of the whole Soudan. He was like a king, or a Sultan, and had absolute power over a country as large as all Europe. He was given a palace at Kartoum and two hundred servants. But Gordon cared not for palaces or servants, grand clothes, and luxurious living. He did not stay at Kartoum but started off immediately to subdue the slave dealers and the outlaws of his vast dominion.

To find these men he had to travel through the tropical jungles and wastes, far to the south and the west. He rode on a camel, and at such a pace that he was constantly in need of changing his mount. The strongest camel could not long stand the pace he set. But there were thousands of slaves to be set free and no time must be lost. The Arab soldiers who went with him had never before travelled so fast and could hardly keep up. But Gordon pressed on, over the pathless wilderness, through dense swarms of flies and mosquitoes. He slept often on the ground, without a

tent, in places infested with scorpions. Sometimes he slept all night in a driving rain, and after such a night he would be up at sunrise to press on to his goal. His energy was tremendous. He never for an instant thought of letting his own discomfort keep him back from freeing the caravans of slaves that were being hurried through his desolate dominions.

Here again he conquered not so much by force of arms as by the power of his wonderful spirit. How his comrades loved to tell the following story!

There was a robber chief called Soulieman who had his den at Shaka, far in the interior of the Soudan. From there he commanded a large army of slaves and robbers with whom he plundered the country. Soulieman was king of the slave dealers. His was a name to strike terror into the hearts of the people of the Soudan. Gordon had been trying to meet and defeat him in open battle but could not get enough soldiers. In fact his army was quite useless and he was waiting for reinforcements.

Suddenly there came the news that Soulieman with his bandits was pillaging a town eighty miles away. Immediately Gordon mounted his camel and started for that town. Through swarms of flies and under the blazing sun, at whirlwind pace he went. So fast did he ride that his escort was soon left far behind. He stopped for the night at the little town of Dara, three miles from the robbers' camp. The next morning at daybreak he was up and out to confer with his escort who had arrived in the night. He then arrayed himself in a beautiful suit of golden armor which the Khedive had given him, and with but a handful of men started for the robbers' den.

He knew there was nothing the bandits more heartily desired than to take his life. Three thousand strong they were, each man longing with all his heart to kill

him. Yet straight into their midst, fearless and majestic, he rode, his golden armor gleaming in the sunlight.

He looked at that throng with his penetrating blue eyes and with quiet authority bade them come and see him the next day. The robbers to their own amazement bowed their heads and agreed to come. Then he drank a glass of water and rode away. And no one touched him.

Next day the fierce robbers came to his tent. Gordon told them of their crimes and of the awfulness of the slave trade. He also told them they must submit immediately to the government. And, wonder of wonders, they agreed to all he said! For the moment the wolves became as lambs, the robber chiefs humane. Soulieman, the Sultan of the bandits, bowed to the ground before him and pledged his fidelity to Gordon's government. For the time, at least, he was subdued. And how? Not by a sword of steel but by the sword of the spirit, — the sword which only a righteous and a fearless man can wield.

At the end of three years General Gordon returned to England. But he was soon called back to Egypt to meet another false prophet, this time a man who pretended to be the "Mahdi" or savior of the Mohammedan world. This "Mahdi" had raised a great army and was marching through Gordon's old province, the Soudan. The people cried out to him to come back to them for there was no one else who could save them. So back he hastened. When Gordon entered Kartoum, the capital of the Soudan, he was greeted with great joy. One of his first acts was to open the prison and release the prisoners. Then, to the delight of the people, he burned the prison and with it all the instruments of torture which former governors had used. This made a magnificent bonfire. He organized the

people into a little army and did what he could to fortify the town.

But this time the odds against him were too great. The army of the false prophet, three hundred thousand strong, drew nearer and nearer. Then they reached Kartoum and began storming at the gates. Gordon held out for eleven months, hoping for reinforcements from England. But they were delayed, and when at last they did come it was too late. The city had fallen and General Gordon had been killed in the street.

Thus died a gentle and heroic soldier. By his goodness, his kindness, his courage, he had won the hearts of the people of the Soudan. He wrote to a friend just before his death: "I have cut off the slave dealers in their strongholds and made the people love me." And they loved him because he first loved them.

A HERO OF SOCIAL SERVICE

CHAPTER IV

A HERO OF SOCIAL SERVICE

WHEN Dorothea Dix was born, in 1802, in a bleak and bare New England home everything seemed against her. But her parents' poverty was really a blessing, for children who have to suffer hunger and wear poor clothes and live in shabby little houses sometimes become the world's greatest heroes. Poverty is like a school in which they learn to be brave when cold or hungry, to want little for themselves, to suffer without complaining. Dorothea learned these lessons in her childhood, and this was one of the secrets of her success.

For a number of years she lived with her grandmother in Boston. Her grandmother was very strict, and taught her to do everything with the utmost excellence. Each stitch in the dress she was making must be "just so." Careless work was never permitted. This made Dorothea accurate and skillful when she went out, in after years, an angel of mercy to the poor and the outcast of the nation.

Dorothea longed for knowledge. She read and studied with eagerness, and developed a memory so fine that when she was only fourteen years old she was able to start a school of her own. They called her the child-teacher. She had to put on long skirts and lengthen the sleeves of her dress so as to look grown-up and "command due respect" from her pupils. But even then she was, we are told, at once beautiful and imposing in manner.

When she was older she opened a school in her grandmother's house in Boston, in what was called the old

Dix mansion. This school soon became very popular. It grieved her, however, that only the well-to-do children came to her. So she fitted up her grandmother's barn as a schoolroom, and there she taught the very poor when the morning school was over.

This proved too great a tax on her strength, and her health began to fail. So when Dr. William Ellery Channing asked her to go south with his family and teach his children she gladly consented. Weeks and months she spent in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Channing, observing the noble life of this great preacher, the leader of the Unitarian movement in America. She found in him, she says, a man so brilliant in intellect and saintly in character that the more closely she came to know him the deeper grew her reverence for him.

He believed that a new and glorious age would soon appear on earth. To bring it more quickly to pass, he said, we must teach the children, and proclaim the pure gospel of the Christ. Dorothea Dix resolved to help with all her strength to bring in this age.

She went back with new health and joy to teach in her school. She studied and she worked. She read many books. She wrote books herself, in these years of her teaching, six of them, which were read by thousands of people. She arose at sunrise and worked all day, until after midnight.

Such labor proved too exhausting. Her strength again gave out, and tuberculosis developed in her lungs. As she taught she would hold her hand pressed to her side to stop the sharp pain. It was, she said, as though a splintered lance were there.

At last she became so ill she had to give up her teaching. She went to England hoping to find health in that climate. There she met some very kind and loving people, friends of Dr. Channing, who invited her to come to their home. She stayed with these

friends for a year and a half. This was a wonderful time of joy to her, "the jubilee year of her life, the sunniest, the most restful, and the tenderest to her affections of all her earthly experience." She was very ill most of the time, but, as she writes, "The hour of bodily suffering is to me the hour of spiritual joy. It is then that I rejoice to feel that though the earthly frame decay, the soul shall never die." Her body was like a cage, her soul like an angelic bird inside the cage. The cage might suffer or be broken, but the beautiful bird of the spirit still sang its song of praise. She loved the people around her, prayed to the God above her, and was happy.

When she recovered her health she came back to America. Her grandmother had died and left her some property. This, added to the money she had made teaching school, gave her an income sufficient to support her for the rest of her life.

She had been back in Boston only a few weeks when she was asked to teach a Sunday-school class in an East Cambridge jail just across the Charles river. She consented, always eager to be of service.

In that jail she saw sights which made plain to her what her work for the rest of her life should be. Insane people were there, paupers they were, and in what a pitiable condition! They were chained to their beds as though they had been wild beasts; they had no heat in their rooms even in the zero days; there was no glass in the windows.

Filled with distress at such a state of affairs Miss Dix decided to travel from town to town throughout the Commonwealth in order to study the condition of the insane poor! Could it be that they all had to live like this? She found that they did. Wherever she went she saw fresh sights of the cruel treatment of these helpless people. In one town she found a man

in a stone cell, without heat or care, the frost thick on the walls, his bed clothing frozen with ice. In other places, she says, she found "insane people confined in cages, closets, cellars, pens, chained, naked, beaten with rods and lashed into obedience." Those who cared for them thought that insane people, because now and then they shouted or behaved queerly, were just like wild beasts. So they chained them and beat them.

But Miss Dix knew that even in the maniac there is hidden a divine light; even in the heart of the wildest madman there is a soul, a spark from God. Besides, she felt that true nobility of soul impels one to be most tender to those who are most helpless and in greatest need.

She resolved to persuade the people of Massachusetts to build fine, large hospitals and asylums where the insane who were so poor and so helpless could be tenderly cared for, and if possible cured. In the promptings of her heart she heard the voice of God calling to her to rise and work for the insane poor. She listened to that voice, and obeyed.

For months she travelled from town to town visiting many prisons and almshouses. Then she wrote a stirring report of what she had seen. This she sent to the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts begging them to build asylums for the insane.

For a long time the men of the legislature refused her appeal; they said it would cost too much money. But at last they voted to enlarge the asylum at Worcester so that it could accommodate two hundred more patients.

Overjoyed at this victory, Miss Dix was stirred to a still greater hope. She now thought, "If one legislature can be thus besieged and won, why not others?" If she could save the insane of Massachusetts from beat-

ings and starving might she not do as much for those in other states? It was a thought which appealed to a true soldier of mercy, and she decided to try what she could do.

First she went to Rhode Island and got the insane hospital at Providence enlarged by private subscriptions, one man giving forty thousand dollars for the purpose. Then she went to New Jersey.

Here she had a hard struggle. The politicians in the legislature said she was a good woman, a ministering angel to the poor and the suffering. But they did not have the money to build a large, expensive asylum. And they tried to excuse themselves by saying the people who paid the taxes to the government would not permit it. One politician said it would pay them better to raise five hundred or six hundred or even a thousand dollars to escort her over the Delaware and out of the state than to spend all this money on an asylum.

Miss Dix was not discouraged. She invited the members of the legislature to come to her boarding house and there in the parlor, evening after evening, she talked with them. She pleaded with them sometimes for three hours at a time to have pity on the poor, to think of the God who loved them. She was so earnest, so unselfish in her request, so just in her demands that at last the men relented and all voted to build the asylum. As a result a splendid hospital was erected at Trenton. This was the first hospital ever built in the United States by public taxation for the care of the insane.

II

Having won this victory in New Jersey Miss Dix longed to establish in other states buildings where the insane could have warm, comfortable rooms, the service

of skilled physicians, and attendants who would treat them with kindness and wisdom. To accomplish this she must travel all over the country, and persuade the legislature of each state to appropriate the money for such buildings. She must also visit all sorts of out-of-the-way prisons and almshouses so she could get the facts and tell the men of the legislatures just how badly the insane were treated, how sorely they were in need of the right care.

Travel in those days was difficult and adventurous. There were practically no railroads. She must go by stage, or in a rickety carriage, or perhaps by water in an old-fashioned river boat. And many trying experiences did she have. Often, on the country roads, the wheels would sink in the mud up to the hubs. Every few days the carriage would break down. In fact break-downs became such common occurrences that Miss Dix supplied herself with a kit of tools containing hammer, wrenches, screws, straps, and rope. This box she always carried, to help the driver when he stopped for repairs.

Once she was fording a wide river in a carriage. Suddenly, in mid-stream, where the water was already up to the carriage box, a wheel came off. One can imagine the collapse! And these sorts of mishaps were only part of what she endured, for the inns where she stopped were very poor and the food miserable.

But, though recently an invalid, Dorothea Dix pressed on with the strength and endurance of a life-long soldier hardened to every privation. She was sustained by her enthusiasm for the service of the poor, and by the energy God gave her when she prayed. Though often ill with fever she travelled from Nova Scotia to Louisiana, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. She writes, "I have traveled more than ten thousand miles in the last three years. Have visited eighteen

state penitentiaries, three hundred county jails and houses of correction, and some five hundred almshouses and other institutions, besides hospitals and houses of refuge."

We thought Gordon, the man of iron, did well to cover eight thousand five hundred miles in three years. This frail woman, through her heroic will, travelled ten thousand miles in the same short time.

Sometimes she had exciting adventures. A story was told in the newspapers of her day which shows her courage, the irresistible sweetness of her manner, and her power to influence others:

"The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, a lady said to her, 'Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?'

"'I am naturally timid,' said Miss Dix, 'but in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to encounter dangers. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, 'Give me the pistols, — I will take care of them.' He did so, reluctantly.

"'In pursuing our journey through a dismal-looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I need to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poorhouses, and in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate,

are in distress and in want of money, I will give you some." While thus speaking to him I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. "That voice!" he exclaimed, and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary and had heard me talking to some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the deed he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, "I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest employment." He declined, at first, taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob someone else before he could get into honest employment.'

"Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols," her biographer adds, "in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. That voice was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber than the sight of a brace of pistols." ¹

Wherever she went she took care of the sick, gave advice to those in perplexity, or started some reform to prevent suffering and disaster. By the appeal that rang in her words she persuaded rich men to give money for hospitals, influential politicians to work for them, doctors to serve them. As a result of her efforts asylums were built in twenty states.

By the same winsome persuasiveness she won children to give their toys to amuse the old people in the asylums. When they heard from her lips how the poor were suffering they gladly gave what they had to cheer those who were poorer and less fortunate than they.

At one time her travels carried her far north, up

¹ From *Life of Dorothea Dix*, by Francis Tiffany. The original has been slightly altered.

near Nova Scotia. There she heard of a place called Sable Island. It was a low stretch of sand and rocks out in the Atlantic Ocean. The treacherous rocks were covered by the water and hundreds of ships had been wrecked upon them. Almost up to that time pirates had lived on the island, where they waited for the doomed ships and robbed all the people who escaped drowning. The coast was strewn with broken timber and the fragments of ruined vessels.

As soon as she heard of it Miss Dix went to the island. She found one of the wild ponies which lived on its lonely waste and rode it up and down the desolate beach, studying the situation. After four days she returned to Boston, raised some money and bought lifeboats and all the rest of the life-saving outfit. She sent these to start a life-saving station on this most dangerous island.

Years had passed when one day she received a letter enclosing a hundred dollars. It was from a sailor who had been saved from shipwreck by one of these lifeboats. In his gratitude he sent the money to Miss Dix and prayed she would use it for the benefit of unfortunate seamen.

The years between 1848 and 1854 found her at Washington, D.C., in an office of her own in the Capitol. She was still hard at work for the insane of the country and had formulated a splendid plan for their betterment. The government was selling off large tracts of land out in the far west. Suppose, thought Miss Dix, she could persuade Congress to use the money from the sale of, say, five million, or twelve million acres of this public land for the benefit of the insane, the blind, the deaf, and the dumb!

Aglow with the thought she started out to tell the Representatives and Senators of her plan. Many of them thought it splendid and were ready to help her

carry it through. Day after day she worked, through the heat of the summer months or the stormy days of winter. She rose every morning at four or five o'clock and spent the first hour of the day in prayer. Without this first heavenly hour of communion with God, of prayer for His spiritual strength, she says, she would "faint and utterly fail." Then she answered the many letters that came daily to her desk. After breakfast at eight o'clock she spent the rest of the day talking to the congressmen about her plan, or in working for other philanthropies.

Through the force of her eloquence and enthusiasm she got the bill passed twice by both houses of Congress. Then to her consternation President Franklin Pierce vetoed the measure! His action came to Miss Dix like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Her heavenly dream of service which had been so near to realization was destroyed!

She had been sustained through these months of labor by the thought of the relief she was to bring to thousands of helpless souls. Now that this was made impossible her health again failed.

She soon left Washington and sailed to Europe to regain her strength. She was weary and exhausted by her years of travelling and heavy labor, and her friends wanted her to go to Italy and enjoy the gondolas on the lagoons of Venice, or the art galleries in Rome and Florence. It was only fair, they said, that she should now have rest.

But such a brave woman could not long be discouraged, and when word came to her of the suffering of the insane in Scotland she rose immediately for a new campaign. How could she find enjoyment in the gondolas of Venice when the poor were dying for her help!

Strangely enough, with this new call to service her

strength came back. God sustains those who serve. He gives them daily help to do their work.

In Scotland the people did not want to reform their asylums, and Miss Dix found fresh difficulties. What right had she, they said, to come and tell them how to care for their insane? They even called her a foreigner, an "American Invader." The Lord Provost of Edinburgh hearing that she was going to appeal to the leading government ministers at London to reform the dreadful conditions in Scotland decided he would go down to London first. He would see the Secretary who had the matter in charge, and tell him to pay no attention to this "terrible reformer but gentle lady from America."

Miss Dix learned of his scheme. Immediately she packed her bag and boarded the fastest train she could find for London. Then began an exciting race as to who would get to the office of the Home Secretary first, Miss Dix or the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

Miss Dix won the race, and soon the Home Secretary was persuaded to advocate measures in Parliament which would provide splendid asylums for Scotland. When the Lord Provost arrived he found he was too late; he could do nothing at all.

Then there came tidings of the suffering of the insane on the island of Jersey. About this she writes: "I shall see their chains off. I shall take them into the green fields, and show them the lovely little flowers and the blue sky, and they shall play with the lambs and listen to the song of the birds, 'and a little child shall lead them.' This is no romance, this all will be, if I get to the Channel Islands, with God's blessing." Through the help of God she won another victory there, and fulfilled her promise.

She now went south to see what could be done in France. Then on to Italy she hastened, and per-

suaded the Pope to build a fine hospital for the insane at Rome. Alone, surrounded by difficulties, she travelled east, to Athens and to Constantinople. In Constantinople she found the Christian hospitals for the insane were in a fearful condition; those belonging to the Mohammedans were well managed and needed no reforming. Then north she went to Austria, to Russia, to Sweden, down to Denmark, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, studying the conditions in the hospitals and doing all she could to help them. After two years in Europe she returned to America.

The rest of her life is full of the same beautiful service. During the Civil War she was appointed Superintendent of Nurses by the government and ministered to numberless sick and wounded soldiers. The nation she had served so well wanted to do something to show its appreciation of this noble woman. A representative of the United States Government called upon her, to ask her what she would accept. Might they bestow a pension? She refused. Would she accept a gift of money, or of land for a home? She shook her head. "What then," said the speaker, "will you let your Government do for you?" "Give me," she said, "the flags of my country!" Two beautiful great silk banners, the Stars and Stripes, were presented to her with the thanks of the nation. At her death she bequeathed them to Harvard College, and they hang today at one end of the great Memorial Hall of that University, over the main portal.

After the war was over she toured the country, visiting the asylums she had started. She kept at her self-appointed labors until she was eighty years old, ever brilliant in mind, sane in judgment, and full of loving kindness for the suffering.

The last months of her life were spent in the hospital

she had founded at Trenton, N. J., and she died there at the age of eighty-five. For fifty years she had had no home, but had wandered up and down America and Europe, a hero of social service. Because she suffered and labored thousands of the insane poor have been tenderly cared for in the buildings which she caused to be built in many lands.

HEROES OF SCIENCE

CHAPTER V

HEROES OF SCIENCE

HAVE you ever visited a great university and seen its large buildings? Some of them are called laboratories. In those laboratories are working the knights of science. They are among the most useful men in the world, for little by little they are killing the dragons of ignorance with the spears of knowledge.

Did you ever wonder who taught men the secret of making telephones, telegraphs, dynamos, airplanes, factory machines? Who made known the power which would change Chicago or Boston from night into day by the pushing of an electric button? What magician taught our engineers how to send express trains racing from New York to San Francisco?

It was the scientists and inventors. Many of them work in the laboratories. Others make their discoveries in shops and factories, or in their homes. More exciting than the tales of the *Arabian Nights* is the story of how these men of science have conjured forth the steel mills of Gary, the marvelous streets and skyscraper buildings of New York, the ocean liners of the Atlantic, and the vast wheat farms of the Dakotas. Equally wonderful is the story of the attacks on the dragons of evil and disease, the discovery of the causes and cures for great scourges like the black death, cholera, and yellow fever.

Three of these scientists whom the world will long honor are Americans: Dr. Walter Reed and his helpers, Dr. Carrol and Dr. Lazear.

A scientist gets his knowledge, first, through hard study. Walter Reed loved his books. He could

study twenty hours a day. When he became sleepy he just thought of all there was in the book before him that he did not know; then he set to work again, fresh and vigorous. He was but seventeen years old when he graduated from college at Charlottesville, Virginia, and was given a physician's diploma, — the youngest man who had ever taken a medical degree at the University of Virginia.

He decided at his graduation to give his life to helping those who were sick. He would try to forget himself and his comfort and think only of destroying disease and making sick people well.

For the first six years after his graduation he worked among the poor in the hospitals and the slums of New York City. Then he was appointed by the government to be an army surgeon, and went with a regiment of the government's soldiers out to Arizona.

Some of the western states were very wild in those days. His first post was six hundred miles from a railroad. Indian tribes were all around him, but he was not in the least afraid of them. He took care of them in their illnesses just as he had cared for the poor in Brooklyn. He always gave his best service to those who were poor and could not pay him.

Sometimes he was ill in bed with a fever, but if word came that someone else was ill and needed him he would get up and dress, holding to a chair perhaps to steady himself, and would start off to see his patient.

Once he started out at sundown for the cabin of a sick woman twelve miles away. The temperature was below zero and a storm which had arisen during the day had grown into a blizzard. The blizzard was so terrible that even horses turned and fled before its oncoming fury. Yet he was able to drive his horse through it all, wandering for hours hither and thither

in the blinding snow until at last he reached the cabin at midnight.

The Indians soon learned to love him, he was so kind to them. They wanted to show him how much they loved him. So when he and Mrs. Reed were away from home they would creep into their house with presents. When Dr. and Mrs. Reed came back they might find a great piece of venison lying on the dresser in Mrs. Reed's bedroom, or perhaps a picture would have been taken down from the wall and the piece of venison hung on the nail in its place. The Indians would all be gone.

Ever cheerful, useful, undaunted, for eighteen years this soldier-doctor fought weather and disease in frontier camps. Then he was called to be a professor of medicine and a scientific investigator in the United States Army Medical School at Washington. This brought him the chance to do another kind of service to mankind. His training as an unselfish and heroic doctor had prepared him to become a hero in scientific discovery.

There are two ways to insure health to a person. One way is to cure him after he is ill. The other and better way is to destroy the causes of illness and prevent his ever getting sick at all. To find and destroy the cause of disease is the greatest service of medical science.

Between the years 1880 and 1900 wonderful discoveries were made by the scientists who worked in their laboratories about the causes of such diseases as diphtheria, malaria, and pneumonia. These scientists found that people become ill with a fever in the strangest way. Tiny little beings, so small that they can be seen only under a microscope, will enter a man's body when he breathes dust or drinks bad water. These little beings are called germs, or bacteria, and they will stay in his

body and often make him ill. One kind of bacteria is the germ of typhoid fever. Another kind causes tuberculosis; another, yellow fever. Now, dust and bad water and bad food are full of such bacteria. So the scientists said people must be careful to breathe pure air, drink clean water, and eat good food, and to keep so vigorous that the body will resist these intruders.

Then they discovered that there are other and still stranger ways by which these germs get into people's bodies. Dr. Reed, in his laboratory work at Washington, found that flies carry the germs, sometimes millions of them, on their legs, and leave them wherever they go. During the Spanish-American war hundreds of soldiers became ill with typhoid fever. Dr. Reed was asked to go to the camps and discover the cause of this spread of typhoid. He found it was because the soldiers ate food over which the flies had crawled. He showed that the men's tents and provisions must be protected by screens; then they would not have these fevers.

Yellow fever was a foe which preyed upon the people of America and Cuba. For years it had devastated Havana. Again and again it swept through America's southern states. One time it caused the death of eight thousand people in New Orleans. Again, it killed one person in every ten in Philadelphia.

Some one had suggested that a mosquito, if it bit a person ill with yellow fever took the fever germs into its body. Then, flying elsewhere, it would bite a well person and with the bite would inject into that person's blood these same germs.

Dr. Reed with four assistants, among whom were Dr. Carrol and Dr. Lazear, decided to prove whether this was true or not. So they went down to Cuba where the yellow fever mosquito, as it is called, was to

be found. The best way to study the subject, they decided, would be to let a mosquito which they knew had bitten a yellow fever patient bite them. Of course they might become ill with the fever. Yet what an opportunity for service was theirs! If people could be sure that the mosquito's bite caused yellow fever then they could destroy the yellow fever mosquito and thousands of lives might be saved. So Dr. Reed and his companions, at the risk of their lives, began their investigations.

Quite fearlessly, Dr. Carrol and Dr. Lazear volunteered to try the experiment on themselves and let the mosquito bite them. They knew this bite might cause their death, but they loved the truth and the service of men more than their own lives, and they gladly took the risk.

After receiving the mosquito's bite they both became ill with yellow fever. Dr. Carrol was very, very ill, but recovered. Dr. Lazear died in a few days, — a splendid martyr to science and mankind.

Then two young men, soldiers in the army, came to Dr. Reed and offered to try the experiment. Dr. Reed explained to them the risk and offered to pay them. They replied that they would take no money, they wished to offer their lives "solely in the interest of humanity and the cause of science." Dr. Reed, full of admiration for their nobility of character, touched his cap in military fashion, saying respectfully, "Gentlemen, I salute you." Then he accepted their services. Later he reported: "In my opinion this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States."

By their experiments in Cuba Dr. Reed and his devoted companions proved beyond question that yellow fever is transmitted by the mosquito. Soon after, Dr. Reed himself died in Baltimore, at the age

of fifty-one. He was worn out by his excessive labors for the sick and the fever-stricken.

As a result of his discoveries the health officers in the South began a war upon the mosquitoes. They dried up pools of water where mosquitoes' eggs were hatched, or killed the eggs by covering the pools with oil. They also screened the houses more carefully than ever, to keep out the mosquitoes which they could not kill. These precautions brought quick results and the yellow fever epidemics disappeared.

Because some men of science were willing to lay down their lives that other people might live, this plague of the centuries was driven out of our southern cities and Cuba, and in time will be driven from the world.

THE YOUNGEST COLLEGE PRESIDENT

CHAPTER VI

THE YOUNGEST COLLEGE PRESIDENT

SCIENTISTS who work in laboratories are like divers. They search for the pearls called Truth. From the depths of the sea of knowledge they come with glistening jewels in their hands. Teachers take these treasures that they may give them to their pupils. Both are needed if the jewels are to be given to the world.

One of these teachers was Alice Freeman, who was born on a farm in New York. When she was only three years old she taught herself to read. At four she entered the county school, and by the time she was five she was taking much care of her younger brothers and sisters.

Once, when she was still very small she recited a poem at school before a large audience. She did it so nicely that everybody applauded. To the surprise of all Alice began to clap her hands too. She thought so little about herself it never occurred to her that the people were clapping for her.

When she was a little girl she used to get very angry when she could not have her own way. She would throw herself down and beat the floor with her heels. But she learned to control herself, and this was the way it happened. One day her brother Fred got angry at something and behaved just as Alice did. She watched him. Then she went off and did some thinking. Later, she said to her mother, "Do I look like that when I am angry?" Her mother answered, "Yes, Alice." "If that is so," replied Alice, "I will never be angry again." And she kept her resolve.

When she grew up and graduated from high school she was eager to go to college. But where was the money to come from? Her father and mother were exceedingly poor and could not afford to send her away to the University of Michigan where she desired to go. Alice resolved to earn the money to pay her expenses.

Her precious fund was growing bit by bit when she heard that the church where she went needed new lamps to make it bright for the evening services. Straightway she took the money from her savings and bought the lamps. To make up for what she had given she went without a new coat that winter. At last she earned enough money to enter college.

At the University of Michigan she had a joyous time. She took long tramps in summer, went skating in winter, belonged to many clubs. She was perhaps the happiest girl in all the great college. The president of the University said that wherever she went she carried happiness and good cheer.

Why was she so happy? Not because she had money; she was very poor, and often her shoes and dress were shabby. Not because she had health; she was often ill, and had a cough almost all her life. She was happy because she studied hard and learned so many interesting things, and did her very best all the time. She was happy because she tried to make joyous the hearts of the girls in college. She loved them so much that in the midst of her studying she would sit up all night with a sick friend. She learned very quickly the secret which the prince in the fairy story learned so slowly: if you would be happy yourself try to make somebody else happy. She was one of the most popular students in the University. Her motto was: Love everybody and make them love you.

When she graduated from the University she went to teach in a high school at Saginaw, Michigan. The pupils in this school had not learned how to be courteous and friendly to each other or to their teacher and they made a great deal of trouble for everyone. But soon, when they saw how much Miss Freeman loved them, and how much she was able to teach them, they decided to help and obey her.

Her family in New York were by this time in great need of her aid. They had lost almost all their scanty income, and her younger sister, Stella, was ill. So Miss Freeman brought the whole family to Saginaw, rented a house, and with the help of another sister took care of them all. The next year she sent her brother Fred to college. She had to go without many things herself in order to do this, but to help him was her great joy.

One day while she was teaching at Saginaw, the President of the University of Michigan visited the high school. He saw what a splendid teacher Miss Freeman had become, how well she did her work. So he wrote a bright story about her to the founders of a new college near Boston, called Wellesley. As a result of his letter she was invited to become a professor of history at Wellesley.

She accepted the offer and was soon teaching in this now famous college for girls. Her classes became so popular they had to give her their largest lecture room. In fact, her work at the new college was so excellent that when she had been there three years she was made its president. She was twenty-six years old, the youngest president a college had ever had.

In those days there were only a few buildings at Wellesley College. There were the broad grounds

which Mr. Durant had given. But most of the halls and dormitories which we find there today were yet to be built. The designs must be drawn for them, and money raised to pay for them. Then there were studies to be planned and teachers to be engaged to teach in the new buildings. All this must be done by the young president, Miss Freeman.

When she was a little girl and lived on the farm Alice Freeman had been happy in everything she did, in feeding the chickens, or milking the cows, or holding the horse for her father. She found the same joy in her work for Wellesley College. And all the time the great buildings were growing Miss Freeman was building happiness and hopefulness and kindness into the lives of the girls who came to Wellesley.

One day a girl was sitting in the hall of one of the buildings. She had come to Wellesley to study. She knew no one at all and was homesick and lonely. Suddenly a group of people came down the hall. In the center of the group was a young woman. She was talking happily and her face was bright with joy and love. She gave just one look of kindness to the homesick girl, and passed on. The girl did not know who she was, but with that glance of love she felt her loneliness leave and joy enter her heart. Soon she learned that the beautiful smile had come from the president of the college. From that day she was homesick no more.

Miss Freeman was president of Wellesley for five years. Then she was married to Professor Palmer of Harvard College and went to live in Cambridge. From her home she continued her work of inspiration and guidance. Students and statesmen, rich and poor, came for her help. She worked for all the schools of Massachusetts. She was Dean of Women at the University of Chicago. Always we think of her as

the ideal teacher, one of the most heroic and beautiful among American women.

The following story illustrates a teacher's influence:

THE HOLY SHADOW

In the days when men, whether asleep or awake, saw angels in their dreams, there was a Jain saint whose life was so pure that heavenly spirits came down to look upon his gracious presence. His lips did not talk much of love; but his daily actions spoke, and his smile carried the message of tenderness and forgiveness.

The angels said to God: —

"Grant this man the power to work miracles."

"It shall be as you wish," replied God; "ask him what power he wishes for."

"Should you," asked the angels, "like to have power in your hands to heal the sick?"

"No," he said; and so also he said to other questions from his shining friends.

"But we are resolved that you shall possess some wondrous gift," they told him.

"Then," said the man, meekly, "let me do good without knowing it as I pass to and fro."

What soft charm, what gentle influence could flow from the man in such wise that he himself knew naught of the good he did?

The angels thought of his shadow. Yes, his very shadow should bless the sad and the humble as he walked by.

His shadow fell on dry ground, and it became green with grass. It fell on shallow brooks and they swelled up in full, clear streams. It fell on pale children, and their cheeks flushed with a healthy red, and the mothers' hearts beat with joy.

The folk hastened to place themselves within the

blessed shadow of the saint. They said no word of prayer to him; they cried no cry of praise. In silence the power flitted from the man to the people; and they called him Holy Shadow. Such shadows may we all be!

Taken from E. J. Gould's *Moral Instruction* (published by Longmans, Green & Co.).

MOSES, THE LAWGIVER OF ISRAEL

CHAPTER VII

MOSES, THE LAWGIVER OF ISRAEL

WHO made the heroes' wills so fearless and their hearts so loving? The great teachers of heroes are those mightier heroes called prophets.

The prophets are men like Jesus, or Isaiah, or Buddha, whose hearts are so pure that the voice of God can speak through them, whose lives are so holy that thousands are inspired to love and obey them.

Jesus is the great teacher for the people of Europe and America. The millions of India have as their beloved prophet, Buddha. In China, the great religious leader is Confucius.

The prophet of the Hebrews, the teacher who made them into a nation, is Moses.

The Hebrews had been in captivity in Egypt for many, many years. They had become so numerous that Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, was afraid of them. "They might rebel against the way we treat them," he thought "and rise up and destroy us and recover their liberty."

So he sent out a decree that every baby boy who was born in a Hebrew home should be killed. Then there would be no boys left to grow up into strong warriors, and Pharaoh would be safe.

Moses was one of the Hebrew babies who was born after the making of this decree. We all know the story of how he was hidden in the bulrushes by his mother, was found by the king's daughter, and how, when he became a little older, he was adopted by the princess as her son.

Thus Moses grew up in the king's palace as though he had been born a prince.

The people at the court were very wicked. They worshipped idols, and animals such as the cow and the crocodile. In their ignorance they thought these animals and idols could help them. They were also very selfish and cruel, especially Pharaoh, the king.

When Moses became a man, he remembered that the oppressed Hebrews were his brethren. One day he went out to see how his own people were faring. He saw the heavy burdens that were put upon them, and when he saw an Egyptian beating a Hebrew, he struck the Egyptian to stop him. The blow was so hard that the man fell dead. Moses quickly hid the body in the sand, hoping no one had seen him. When he went out another day he saw two Hebrew men striving together. He tried to make peace between them, saying to him who had done the wrong, "Why do you strike one of your own kinsmen?" And the man answered, "Who made you a prince and a judge over us? Do you mean to kill me, as you did the Egyptian?"

Then Moses knew that what he had done was known, and he feared for his life. And the matter came to Pharaoh's ears, so that he knew that Moses was standing by the enslaved Hebrew people, and he sought to kill him.

So Moses fled out of Egypt, and over the Red Sea. Hundreds of miles he travelled, through the desert, to the east, to a land called Midian. He was dejected and lonely, afraid to stop anywhere lest Pharaoh find him and have him slain.

One day he came to a well and sat down to rest. Presently the seven daughters of Jethro, a priest of Midian, came up, bringing their sheep to the trough to be watered. But no sooner had they arrived at the well than some rough shepherds came near with their

sheep and tried to drive them away and take the water they had drawn. But Moses helped them and watered their flocks.

The maidens went home and told their father, Jethro, of the Egyptian, as they called him, who had protected them. When Jethro heard of Moses' kindness to his daughters he said to them, "And where is he? Why is it that ye have left the man? Call him, that he may eat bread." So they brought Moses to their father's house. He stayed with them and became a shepherd, and after a while married one of Jethro's daughters.

All alone he wandered with his sheep over the desert and past great mountains. One of these, Mount Horeb or Sinai, became one of the most celebrated mountains in the world because it was there that Moses had some marvelous spiritual experiences. One of these was his vision of the burning bush:

"Now Moses led the flock to the back of the wilderness, and came to the mountain of God unto Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.

"And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called to him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God."

The voice told Moses that he was to go back to Egypt and deliver the Hebrews from their long slavery. The Egyptians were treating them very cruelly, beating

them and driving them to build great buildings. "They were so unhappy that their food became even like unto morsels of their own hearts swelling with blood, and their drink, tears."

The voice of God declared that Moses must set them free. But Moses remonstrated with the Divine Voice. "Who am I, that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? I am not eloquent, I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." Perhaps Moses stammered when he tried to talk. But the voice of God replied, "Certainly I will be with thee." He need not fear. God, who had made all the worlds, would go with him, pour his eternal life into his heart, and speak through his lips.

Moses faced now a great dilemma. If he went to Egypt it was very probable that Pharaoh would have him killed. And even if he escaped that danger, how would he get the Hebrews to follow him? Would they not merely laugh at him and say he was foolish, that God had never appeared to him at all?

His experience had been so wonderful he knew it was God's light and voice that had come from the bush. He also knew that if he refused to obey God's command he would not see the divine fire in the bush any more. He would never again hear the heavenly sweetness of that voice. God will not reveal himself to cowards, to those who refuse to obey him. Only the obedient can have the vision.

Moses decided he would rather face any danger than be separated from God. So he started on the long journey back to Egypt. We can imagine the joy that came into his heart when he decided to obey the heavenly vision and tread the road of duty. We can imagine what strength God poured into him, his body, his will, his heart. He became very pure, — "a man of God" they called him.

When he reached Egypt he went to Pharaoh, with his brother Aaron who had joined him, and asked for the release of the Hebrews. Pharaoh became very angry at this request and instead of freeing his slaves he orders that their burdens should be doubled. Up to this time the Hebrew workmen had been furnished the straw for the bricks they made. Now they were compelled to gather their own straw, yet make just as many bricks as before. When they could not do this the Egyptians beat them.

The situation seemed unbearable, and the Hebrews came to Moses and Aaron and told them they were responsible for all this trouble. But Moses, firm in his faith, urged them to be patient, for God would surely lead them out of their slavery. Again and again he and Aaron went to Pharaoh and plead with him to let the Hebrews go.

At last, when dreadful plagues, one after another, had swept through Egypt, one of which even caused the death of the heir to the throne, Pharaoh relented and gave the long sought permission.

Moses instantly gathered the Hebrews together and started off. They left in such haste that the people who were making bread took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading-troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders.

Away they fled, toward the Red Sea. And they were none too quick, for Pharaoh, repenting that he had let his workmen go, gathered all his chariots together and started in pursuit.

When the Hebrews came to the Red Sea we are told a remarkable thing happened. A strong east wind which was blowing forced back the shallow water of the sea. This left a dry strip over which the Hebrews passed. But when the pursuing Egyptians arrived and tried to follow, their heavy chariot wheels stuck in

the mud of the sea-bed and before they could get out the waves came rushing back, and they were drowned.

The Hebrews, safe on the further shore, were wild with joy over their deliverance and sang a great song of triumph which begins with the words:

“I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed
gloriously,
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the
sea.”

II

Their troubles, however, were by no means over with the drowning of Pharaoh's company, for before them lay the desert, hot and dry, where food was scarce and water was hard to find. Moses had told them that there was a land flowing with milk and honey, called Canaan, and that God would give it to them if they would keep up their courage and travel on. They expected to find it at once, but when, after wandering in the desert for more than a month they had not yet arrived at Canaan they lost their faith and began to complain, saying, “Would we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full.”

Moses, undiscouraged by their crying and wailing, cheered and led them on. God guided him, and he found water for them to drink, and food where no one thought it possible.

Hunger and thirst, however, were not their only enemies. The desert was full of wandering tribes who were warlike, and blocked the Hebrews' path. In those ancient days war was universal. Men lived by means of it. The nation strongest in battle rose and flourished.

At a place called Reph'i-dim some desert tribes attacked the Israelites and a great battle took place.

As the battle went on Moses climbed a high hill and stood where his soldiers could see him. So inspiring was he to them that just to look at him with his rod held high gave them strength and courage to fight. When his arm was up they thought, Moses believes we will win, and they fought victoriously. But when they looked and Moses' arm was down they said, Moses is discouraged, and immediately they lost heart, and were defeated. So Aaron, his brother, and Hur, his friend, held up Moses' arms for him all day, until the going down of the sun, so that whenever the Israelites looked to the hilltop they might see Moses in his glory and strength, encouraging them with uplifted arms. Then they felt his power come into them and they rushed forward to victory.

In their journey through the wilderness the Hebrews arrived at last at the foot of Mount Sinai, the wonderful mountain where Moses had seen the burning bush. And they encamped about its base.

Now Moses was their prophet, general, king, and judge, all at the same time. The people brought to him their problems and disputes and he settled them. His love for them was so great that he would sit all day long while the people told him their troubles.

One day his father-in-law, Jethro, who lived not far from Sinai, came to see him. And when Moses' father-in-law saw all that he did, he said, "Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone." And he advised Moses to divide the people into small groups and place a captain over each group. These captains could decide for them their innumerable small difficulties. Then they would bring Moses only the important matters. This Moses did.

After a while Moses saw that the people needed more

and better laws to guide them. So he left them in the valley and went up the mountain alone, to pray that God, the source of all knowledge, would reveal to him these laws. He knew if he could be very pure and quiet and full of faith, the voice of God would speak in his heart. In order that he might pray the more earnestly he ate no food for many days.

For forty days and forty nights he stayed upon the mountain top. And God revealed to him many laws. Some of them are in the Ten Commandments which we all know. These Ten Commandments he is said to have written out on tablets of stone. In later ages men said God wrote them. Moses was so obedient to God's will that they felt it was as though he were simply God's pen and God were writing through his hand.

When Moses came down from the mountain top after his long absence, the stone tablets in his hands, he saw a sad sight. The Hebrews, because he had been gone a little longer than they had expected, had forgotten all about him, and how through him God had saved them from the Egyptians. At their request Aaron had made for them a calf out of their gold earrings and the people were dancing around it, and singing to it, and worshipping it as though it were a god.

Moses was so filled with grief at their faithlessness, that he threw the tablets of stone on the ground and broke them in pieces. Then he punished the Hebrews very severely for their great sin.

When he had made them understand how wicked a thing it was to forget the one true God and worship an idol he went back up the mountain to pray. He wanted to ask God to forgive these ignorant children and to give him, Moses, the knowledge and power to teach them. The more foolishly the people behaved

the more Moses needed God's help to govern and guide them. And he felt God's presence most clearly there in the peace and quiet on the top of the mountain.

A beautiful story is told us of an experience he had at this time. Moses asked that God should go with him and with his people. And he prayed to God and said, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." And the voice of God replied, as when it came from the spiritual fire of the burning bush, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee; thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live." And the record says that the voice of God told Moses that he should be sheltered in a cleft of a rock with his eyes hid until God had passed by. Then he should see only so much of the divine glory as he could bear. God's presence is a light so marvelous in its purity and glory, that even a holy man like Moses could not endure its full splendor.

After this, Moses re-wrote the Ten Commandments, on two new tablets of stone and came down the mountain with them. His communion with God had been so wonderful, he had drawn so close to the divine presence, that his face shone, the story says, so that the people could not bear to look at him. They did not understand and were afraid to come nigh him. So Moses put a veil over his face lest the people be frightened at the divine light. Whenever he went into the tent, called the tent of meeting, to pray and speak with God, he took off the veil. When he went back among the people he put it on.

Again and again God appeared to him in beautiful visions, often, by day, as a pillar of cloud, and at night as a pillar of fire, to point to him the way he should go and the things he should do for the people. And whenever the vision of God's presence came to him his face shone with the same wonderful light.

III

Although the Hebrews stayed at Mount Sinai for a time, it was but a camping place where they rested and waited while God gave Moses the laws which they were to follow. As soon as that was accomplished they started off again for the land which God had promised them.

God would give them this land on one condition: they must obey his commandments as they were written on the tablets of stone, and they must go forth with courage and faith and conquer the new country. This agreement was called the Covenant. If men loved and obeyed him, God would bless and prosper them and make them happy and great through all the ages.

To remind themselves of this agreement they put the tablets of stone containing the Ten Commandments in a box which they called the Ark of the Covenant. This they carried with them wherever they went.

Inspired by the thought of God's Covenant and by the sight of their Ark the Hebrews followed Moses over the desert, up to the gates of Palestine, the Land of Canaan. There they camped while Moses sent twelve men to spy out the land and come back and report what it was like, — whether the people that dwelt therein were strong or weak, few or many, whether they dwelt in cities or tents, and what the fruit of the country was like. Then they would know whether they wanted to try to conquer the Land of Canaan.

These spies went forth to the north, through the hill country. When they came back the people gathered together and listened eagerly to their report. They all came before Moses, two of the spies carrying between them a branch on which was hung a huge, luscious clus-

ter of grapes. "We came unto the land" they said to Moses, "whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it. Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great: . . . and all the people that we saw in it are men of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak . . . and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

No sooner had the spies spoken these words than a great confusion fell upon the poor Hebrews. They were dreadfully frightened. Their courage left them completely. They forgot all about how God had spoken to Moses and promised to help them. They lifted up their voice and cried; and the people wept that night. And all the children of Israel murmured against Moses, and cried, "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt! or would God we had died in this wilderness!"

When they saw the peoples' despair, Moses and Aaron fell on their faces before all the assembly of the congregation of the children of Israel and plead with them not to turn away from God and his promise. Two of the spies, Joshua and Caleb, joined Moses and Aaron and tried to stop the panic of fear and rebellion. "Rebel not ye against the Lord," they cried, "neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are as bread for us: their defense is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not." But all the Hebrews bade stone them with stones.

Thus did the glorious opportunity of entering the Promised Land pass by. The Hebrews were such cowards they dared not trust to God, who had led them out of the land of Egypt.

So they turned away in fear and went back into "the waste-howling wilderness."

For forty years more they wandered in the desert, while Moses, with the help of God, trained up the little children into courageous men and women. Their parents, who had refused to enter Canaan, died there in the wilderness. Moses himself was now very old. But the boys and girls whom he had so patiently taught all these years were fully grown. They believed in God. They knew that God was with them and that nothing could stand against them. And, believing in God, they were not afraid to face the fortified cities and strong warriors of the land of Canaan.

So when Moses laid his hands upon Joshua and appointed him to be his successor, the Hebrews were ready to follow Joshua wherever he led them. And God blessed Joshua with a portion of the power which had sustained Moses. And Joshua became one of the great captains and leaders of Israel.

Moses was now a very old man indeed. Yet so full was he of divine energy that his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. His work was ended, for Joshua was to lead the Hebrews into the land of Canaan.

One day Moses left the Hebrews' camp and with a vigorous step started off to climb Mount Nebo, a high peak overlooking the Promised Land. On the mountain top God showed him the beautiful valleys and hills of Canaan, from the south to the north, from the desert to the western sea. And God said unto Moses: "This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it to thy seed. Now I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes but thou shalt not go over thither."

So Moses died there in the land of Moab. His body disappeared from human view, but his spirit and his teachings, his laws and his example, lived after him and for centuries trained the Hebrew race.

Even today, thirty-three hundred years after his death, millions of Jews look to Moses as their teacher and inspirer. He is their glorified prophet. They tell again and again the story of how he led their ancestors out of the land of Egypt, gave them their laws, taught them to worship God, and made them a nation.

DAVID, THE MINSTREL KING

CHAPTER VIII

DAVID, THE MINSTREL KING

MORE than four hundred years had now passed. The Hebrews had fought bravely. They had tried to obey God. They had won all the land "from the wilderness to the going down of the sun." There remained but one strong enemy, the Philistines, a tribe which lived in the west.

God sent a priest to guide them, a wise and good man named Samuel. But after a while the people decided they wanted a king as well as a priest. And they came to Samuel and asked him to choose someone for them. So Samuel anointed a young man named Saul to be king over the Israelites.

Saul made a very good king for a while. Then he began to disobey God's commandments. He wanted wealth, and spoil in the battles, and "he feared the people and obeyed their voice" rather than the voice of God. So God told Samuel to choose another king, one who would obey him. "Fill thy horn with oil," the divine voice said to him, "and go. I will send thee to Jesse, the Bethlehemite: for I have provided me a king among his sons."

When Samuel reached Bethlehem he sent an invitation to Jesse and his sons to come and join him in sacrificing an animal to the Lord. That was the way of worshipping in those days. When they arrived he had the young men, one at a time, come and stand before him.

When the eldest stepped forward he looked so handsome and tall that Samuel said to himself, "Surely

this is the one God has chosen." But the divine voice spoke in his mind, saying, "Look not on his countenance, nor the height of his stature. The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Samuel called to him each one of the seven sons of Jesse, but the heavenly voice within him was silent, choosing no one of them.

At last he said to Jesse, "Are here all thy children? And Jesse answered, There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said to Jesse, Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither. And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look upon. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he. Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren. And the spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward."

What did the shepherd boy do when he knew he was to be a king? He just went back to his sheep, to "the leaping from rock up to rock," to the fight with the lion and the bear, to the humble meal of dates. He was not proud; he was willing to do the lowliest task. That was one reason why God poured his wonderful spirit into David, for "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Shortly after this the Philistines gathered all their armies together to make a great attack upon the Israelites. And David's three older brothers went to join Saul's army. Their father became anxious for news from them. So one day he went out and found David with his sheep, and told him to go to the Hebrews' camp with some bread and some cheese for his brothers, and come back and tell him how they fared.

So "David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and went, as Jesse had commanded him."

We all know the story of how he ran down into the valley and slew Goliath, the giant, with his sling and the stones from the brook. We also know how the Israelites rushed down, after David's splendid deed, and won a great victory.

After the battle was over, with much rejoicing they brought the hero of the hour, the shepherd boy, to the king. Saul was so grateful to David for winning this victory over the Philistines that he took him to live in his household, and gave him his daughter, Michal, to be his wife.

Soon all Israel and Judah loved David. A beautiful friendship also sprang up between him and Jonathan, Saul's son. And Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

Now Saul, though a king, was not happy. Sometimes he would sit for hours, dejected and melancholy, refusing to speak to anyone. The reason was he had disobeyed God. Those who refuse to do what they know is God's will are always unhappy.

But David was full of joy. Furthermore he could play the harp and compose songs. It was said he played so beautifully that the mountains and hills joined with him when he sang his praises to God. So when Saul was melancholy the people would send for David to come and play to him on his harp and sing his lovely songs and try to cheer him. And usually, after listening to him, Saul would feel better.

Most of the time, however, David was away fighting battles against the enemies of Israel. He had become a strong warrior and because he won many victories for the Israelites, Saul was pleased with him.

But one day when he and David came back from

a battle the women came out of the cities of Israel to meet King Saul, and as they played upon their timbrels and other instruments of music they sang, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." And Saul, listening to these words, was jealous of David and hated him. He did not want the women to say that David was greater than he. And as they passed through the streets of the cities and Saul saw how the people loved David, he grew angrier and angrier.

The next day one of his ugly moods was upon him, and he sat in his room lonely and miserable with his wicked thoughts. When David came in, as usual, to sing to him he was not cheered, but threw his spear at David as he stood playing on his harp. David jumped aside, and the spear stuck in the wall behind him.

After a while Saul tried again to kill David by hurling his spear at him. But again David was too quick for him. Then he sent some men, one night, to kill David in his house. Michal, David's wife, let him down from one of the windows by a rope, and then hurried and dressed up an image and laid it in his bed and told the king's messengers that David was ill. They carried this word to Saul who ordered them to return and bring David, bed and all. But when they went into David's room to get him there was only the dressed-up image in the bed.

"David fled, and escaped, and came to Samuel to Ramah, and told him all that Saul had done to him. And he and Samuel went and dwelt in Naioth. And it was told Saul, saying, Behold, David is at Naioth in Ramah. And Saul sent messengers to take David."

Then for a time Saul seemed to relent, and David was sore perplexed as to what Saul really intended to do, to love him or to kill him. So he came to his

beloved friend, Jonathan, Saul's son, for counsel. Jonathan could discover whether it would be safe for David to remain near the king. And David and Jonathan made a covenant of eternal friendship. And David said to Jonathan, "Behold, tomorrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat. But let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father miss me at all, then say, David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Bethlehem his city; for it is the yearly sacrifice there for all the family. If he say, It is well, thy servant shall have peace. But if he be wroth, then know that evil is determined by him."

They made an agreement that David should hide in a cave in a nearby field, and after Jonathan had found out whether his father really loved David or not he should come back to the field and tell David. Jonathan would bring a boy with him, and a bow and arrows. He would stand off and pretend to shoot at a target. Jonathan said to David, "If I say unto the lad, Behold the arrows are on this side of thee; take them and come, for there is peace to thee and no hurt, as the Lord liveth. But if I say unto the boy, Behold the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way, for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord is between thee and me forever."

David then ran down to Bethlehem to return on the third day after. And Jonathan went away to the king. He soon discovered, when he talked with Saul, that the king hated David and was determined to kill him. So, at the appointed time, with a heavy heart, he hurried to the field where David was hiding in the cave. And a little lad was with him.

"And he said unto his lad, Run, find now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow

beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee? And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not anything. Only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his weapons unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city. And as soon as the lad was gone David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times. And they kissed one another, and wept one with another. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord shall be between me and thee, and between my children and thy children, forever. And he arose and departed; and Jonathan went into the city."

II

From place to place David now fled, with Saul in pursuit. At last he took refuge in the mountains. Other men who were in trouble of some sort came and joined him until there were four hundred of them.

Day and night Saul and his soldiers hunted for David and drove him from mountain to mountain. Sometimes they would be almost upon him. But David always escaped.

Saul's heart was full of hatred, for he had turned away from God. But David's heart was aglow with love, and the spirit of the Lord filled him more and more.

One day Saul, hearing that David was at a certain place, took three thousand men "and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats."

And as he went he entered a huge cave in the hillside. Now it happened that David and his band were hiding in the innermost parts of the cave, and as Saul entered they whispered to David to kill him. But David simply stole up in the darkness of the cave and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe. Then when Saul had left the cave and descended the hill he went out and called down to him: "Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee this day into mine hand in the cave: and some one bade me kill thee: but mine eye spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in my hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it."

Then Saul "lifted up his voice and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. And Saul went home."

Soon again, however, he was in pursuit of David, longing in his heart to kill him. And a second time David had a chance to slay Saul and bring to an end all these persecutions and wanderings; for he was hunted through the mountains as though he had been a wild animal.

Saul and his men had followed him out into the wilderness and camped at the foot of the very mountain where David was hiding. One night, with his friend A-bi'shai, David slipped down into Saul's camp to see what was happening. They found the whole camp fast asleep, and Saul lay sleeping, and his spear stuck in the ground at his pillow. Abishai whispered to David for permission to kill him. But David

replied, "Destroy him not, for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?" They took Saul's spear, and a jug of water which was beside him, and stole away. And no one waked.

When they had reached the top of a neighboring mountain David shouted back to Saul and his soldiers and asked them where was the king's spear. They all waked up and Saul, recognizing David's voice, realized that again his life had been spared when he might so easily have been killed. His heart softened toward David and he cried, "I have sinned: return, my son David, for I will no more do thee harm, because my life was precious in thine eyes this day." But David knew he could not trust the king and he fled away.

One day David was thirsty and weary. The bleak mountains in which he sought refuge from Saul were very dry and hot, and in his distress he exclaimed, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate!" This was the well in his home town which he loved.

His followers loved him so deeply that his slightest wish was to them as a command, and instantly three strong soldiers slipped away and started for this well. The Philistines were between them and Bethlehem; to reach the well they must go right through the enemy's camp. But David wanted a drink from that especial well and his men would get it for him.

So they brake through the hosts of the Philistines, drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, and brought it back.

David was amazed and rejoiced at their courage and love. But he would not drink the water which his friends had brought at the risk of their lives. Instead he poured it out upon the ground as an offering unto God who could make men so heroic.

After a while the Philistines gathered together all their armies for a great attack upon Israel. A battle was fought in which the Israelites were completely defeated and fled before the enemy. Jonathan and his two brothers were killed, and Saul was so badly wounded that he could not get away. Rather than be captured by the Philistines he fell upon his sword and died on the battlefield.

When they brought the news to David he was filled with sorrow and mourned for Saul and Jonathan as for his dearest friends, saying:

“Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!
How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon.
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in
their lives,
And in their death they were not divided:
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the
battle!

Jonathan is slain upon thy high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!”

David was now crowned king of Israel. He was thirty years old when he began to reign. It was still

several years, however, before he had any peace, for Ishbosheth, a son of Saul who had survived the battle, wanted to be king, and he made war upon David. But David was victorious and "waxed greater and greater, for the Lord, the God of hosts, was with him."

David brought together the different tribes of Israel and made them into one strong kingdom. When they did not have to fight so much the men could build up their cities and take care of their homes. More and more was David trusted and "whatsoever the king did pleased all the people." For forty years he ruled his country and brought to Israel a time of prosperity and peace such as had never been known.

In his old age there came to him a great sorrow. His son Absalom tried to overthrow his father in order that *he* might become king. Absalom was very handsome and had beautiful, long hair. But in character he was weak and ignoble. His hair, of which he was very vain, was the cause of his death. One day, after a battle with the king's army, Absalom was riding through a forest, trying to get away, and his long hair caught in the low-hanging limb of a great oak tree. The mule he was riding ran on and left him hanging from the tree. Soon one of the king's soldiers came up, and seeing him hanging thus, quickly killed him.

David's heart was full of love for Absalom, no matter how badly he behaved, and when they brought him the news of his son's death he "went up to the chamber over the gate and wept," crying, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Toward the end of his life the noble king wished to build a temple where the Ark of the Covenant could

be kept and the people could worship God. But the divine voice told him he had better leave that task for his son Solomon who should succeed him.

King David lived in savage days. But because he listened to God's voice and tried to obey him God gave him power to bind together the lawless tribes into a great nation. His kingdom was the largest which Israel had ever known. In the days of his son, Solomon, it became so resplendent and so famous that kings and queens came from afar to visit its capital and the wonderful temple Solomon built. David laid the foundation of this kingdom and he led his people toward the paths of righteousness and peace. In after years when great troubles came upon the Hebrews their dearest hope was that God might send them another king like David.

ELIJAH, THE MAN OF FIRE

CHAPTER IX

ELIJAH, THE MAN OF FIRE

I

IN the days of David and Solomon the Israelites became a powerful nation. So long as they kept the Ten Commandments they were strong. When they broke them they were weak. In the days of David and Solomon they kept them pretty well. But in the days which followed they broke them most of the time. Hence they became weak and wicked.

Under King Ahab and his cruel wife, Jezebel, they forgot all about Moses and the true God. Instead they worshipped false deities called Ba'al-im. At last God in his pity sent them a messenger named Elijah.

The first we hear of Elijah was in the days of a terrible drought. Everyone in Palestine was suffering for water. There was no rain for the crops. Even the streams were drying up and there was no water for the cattle. Elijah, as he wandered from place to place in the desert, praying to God, also found difficulty in getting water and food. But God sustained him, we are told, in wonderful ways. He found a brook, called Cherith (Kē'rith), by whose bank he stayed. There, the story tells us, "the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook. And it came to pass after a while that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land.

"And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Arise, get thee to Zar'e-phath, which belongeth to

Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.

"So he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold the widow was there gathering sticks. And he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die.

"And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

"And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah; and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah."

The famine and drought in Palestine had lasted so long that the people were in a desperate plight. King Ahab sent his servant, O-ba-di'ah, to search the country in the hope that there might be found some stream which had not dried up. For unless water and grass could be had the king's horses would die.

As Obadiah went along he suddenly met Elijah. And Obadiah fell on his face, and said, "Art thou my lord Elijah?" And Elijah answered, "I am. Go tell thy lord the king, Elijah is here." Obadiah did

not want to do this, for Jezebel had had all the prophets in Israel killed; and Obadiah knew she was hunting for Elijah. But Elijah, confident that God would protect him, commanded him to go. Elijah was the messenger of the King of all kings, and the Lord of all lords and so he could command even King Ahab to come to him.

When Ahab arrived at the place where Elijah was waiting for him, Elijah straightway told him that it was because of his worship of the false gods, the Baalim, and his neglect of God's commandments that this great trouble had come upon the nation. He bade Ahab summon all the priests of Baal to the top of Mount Carmel. There before the people it should be decided who was the true and powerful God: the Baal whom Jezebel and her priests worshipped, or the God of Moses, David, and Elijah. The test should be this: each party, Elijah on the one hand, the priests of Baal on the other, should prepare a sacrifice. Each should offer a bullock. The priests of Jezebel should sacrifice their bullock to Baal; Elijah would offer his to Jehovah. They would put no fire under the sacrifices, but each should call upon the name of his god to send down fire from heaven to burn up the sacrifice. The god who answered by sending the fire, he should be God.

All the people agreed, and the priests of Baal, of whom there were four hundred and fifty, met Elijah on the summit of Mount Carmel for the contest. The Old Testament thus describes the dramatic event:

"And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first; for ye are many; and call on the name of your gods, but put no fire under it. And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon,

saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made.

“And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god. Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them. And it came to pass, when mid-day was past, until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

“And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of tribes of the sons of Jacob, and with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord: and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed. And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time. And they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar. And he filled the trench also with water.

“And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah, the prophet, came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art

the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.

"Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces, and they said, The Lord, he is God; the Lord, he is God."

So the prophet of Jehovah triumphed. The people were ready to forsake the Baalim and worship the true God.

As Elijah sat on Mount Carmel praying, after this wonderful day, his servant came to him and told him that a little cloud the size of a man's hand was rising from the Mediterranean. With his quick knowledge, Elijah knew that the rain was coming and the long drought was over.

Down the mountain he ran and bade King Ahab start home before the rain came. Ahab instantly set off in his chariot. And the strength of Elijah was so great that he ran before the king's chariot all the way to Jezreel, a distance of fifteen miles.

II

The king and the people were now ready to acknowledge and obey Elijah as the prophet of God. But not so the wicked queen Jezebel. She was more than ever determined to kill him and sent a messenger to Elijah with the word that on the next day she would have her soldiers put him to death.

To save his life Elijah fled into the wilderness. But at the end of the first day's journey he fell down under a juniper tree, exhausted and discouraged, and prayed that he might die. After all his efforts it seemed he could do nothing to save his people.

“And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree,” the Old Testament story continues, “behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.

“And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.”

Elijah went into a cave in the side of the mountain and sat down to rest. Suddenly, as he sat there he heard a wonderful voice, which said to him, “What doest thou here, Elijah?” And he replied, “I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, and have slain the prophets with the sword, and I, only I am left, and they seek my life to take it away.”

Then the divine voice bade him go forth and stand upon the mount, and there would come to him a message from the presence of God.

Elijah did as he was directed, and waited in silence.

“And a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks. But the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire a still small voice. And it was so that when Elijah heard it that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood in the entrance of the cave.”

Then, “with a sound of gentle stillness” came the words of God, clear and with divine authority and told him not to be afraid or discouraged but to go

back all the hundreds of miles he had travelled, find Elisha and appoint him as his successor, and then anoint Jehu to be king of Israel.

Elijah knew Jezebel would kill him if she could find him; but he must obey. We may imagine him travelling through the wilderness, clad in his rough shepherd's mantle, with the shepherd's staff in his hand, a true son of the desert.

When he reached Palestine he went at once to the field where Elisha was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. He cast his mantle upon Elisha as a sign that Elisha was to be clothed in his spirit of prophecy and become his successor. Whereupon Elisha left his oxen and followed Elijah with joy.

There are many stories told of Elijah's courage and trust in God's care. One of them is about the time he went to king Ahab to rebuke him for having stolen Naboth's vineyard.

Naboth lived near the palace of the king, and he had a vineyard which Ahab decided he wanted for a vegetable garden. Ahab offered to buy the vineyard but Naboth did not want to sell it because his family had owned it for generations. At Naboth's refusal to sell him the piece of land Ahab was terribly disappointed. In fact he went home and lay down upon his bed and turned his face to the wall and would not eat anything, so great was his temper at not having his own way.

When Jezebel saw how chagrined her husband was she called out to him, "I will get the vineyard for you." She found two men whom she told to accuse Naboth of treachery and irreligion and stone him to death. When they had carried out her cruel order she came back and told Ahab he could now take the vineyard as his own.

Thus Ahab and Jezebel broke four great commandments of Moses: thou shalt not covet, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, and thou shalt not bear false witness.

And God spoke to Elijah and bade him go and tell Ahab what a sin he had committed, for if kings and queens should thus steal any piece of property they wanted and kill the owners there would be no security or peace in Israel.

When Elijah, brave and strong in his obedience to God, appeared before Ahab, the king cried out in fear and wrath, "Hast thou found me, oh mine enemy?" But Elijah explained to him the enormity of his crime and told him of the punishment which always comes to those who rob and injure their neighbors. "Then Ahab rent his clothes and put on sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted and lay in sackcloth, and went softly"; for he resolved that he would sin against God no more.

Thus did Elijah go about the country, urging the people to remember God and deal justly with one another.

At last the time came when he knew his work in this world was over, and he would soon leave it. As he and Elisha were walking together one day, Elijah turned to his devoted companion and said, "Ask what I shall do for thee before I am taken from thee." And Elisha said, "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." Elijah replied, "Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless if thou see me when I am taken from thee it shall be so unto thee."

"And it came to pass as they still went on, and talked, that behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, which parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it and he cried, My father, my father, the

chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more.”

Elisha saw this spiritual ascension with his spiritual eyes. When the glorious moment arrives that a prophet may enter into the Kingdom of Light, his spirit as in a chariot of divine fire rises as it were through a whirlwind into the pure heights of heaven.

All through the future centuries the Hebrews revered the memory of Elijah, the man of fire. When the Promised One, the Christ should come, they said, he would be like their beloved King David. But before he appeared there would come a voice crying in the wilderness, a prophet like Elijah.

When Jesus, the Christ, really appeared on earth, and his disciples saw him transfigured upon the Mount, the two prophets who appeared to them there by his side were Moses and Elijah.

ZOROASTER AND THE FLAMING TORCH

CHAPTER X

ZOROASTER AND THE FLAMING TORCH

WHEN he was a boy Zoroaster played beside rushing mountain streams. His home was in the high plateaus of ancient Persia. It was a wonder-land where jagged mountains pierced the blue sky and fountains, crystal clear, gushed from the rocks. There were caves in the mountains' sides where children might play all day long as they breathed the exhilarating air.

Great was the service which Zoroaster was to render to this mountain country. When the little child came into the world the fountains and hills were thrilled with joy; all evil spirits fled away into the depths; and the house where he was born was enveloped in heavenly light. At least so the story tells us.

God put a good mind in the baby child, a mind of wisdom and kindness. When he was ten, we are told, Zoroaster talked with learned men and told them holy truths about God. He was always kind to the poor and the aged. When hungry and half-starved cattle travelled the road which passed his house he took them in and fed them from his father's granary.

Zoroaster was fifteen years old when his father died. His brothers each claimed their share of the inheritance. They asked Zoroaster what he wanted. He replied, "Nothing but my father's girdle." The girdle was a belt of cords which ancient Persians wore when they prayed. This choice showed that Zoroaster wanted to serve God and teach the Persian people of his goodness. They were then almost as savage and untrained as the Hebrews in the days of Moses.

With his father's belt around his waist he went out into the mountains to dwell in their silent caves. For years he wandered from mountain to mountain, and his only food was cheese. When he saw poor or aged people in trouble he helped them. But most of the time he was thinking of God who dwells beyond human sight in that holy realm which shines with a splendor like the sun. He made his heart very pure that God's Mind might speak within him. He knelt in the solitude of the mountains and prayed: "O God, give me holy blessings, and that best of all things, the spiritual glory. Give me thy wonderful thoughts of wisdom, those of the Good Mind, which thou hast revealed by thy righteousness within us. To preparation for thy kingdom and its approach on earth would I dedicate myself so long as to thee, O God, I praise and weave my song."

One morning, at sunrise, as he was praying by the side of a river he had a glorious vision. An archangel appeared to him, who was nine times the size of any man Zoroaster had ever seen. He said, "I am Good Thought." And in a moment he had led Zoroaster's spirit into the very presence of God. The heavenly light there was so bright that no shadow could be seen. It was the light of pure truth, and from its splendor came God's messages to the future prophet. God taught him more in the next few moments than he had learned in all his life before. He saw how his countrymen, through good thoughts, good words, good deeds, might transform the mountain-plateaus of Persia into a veritable paradise.

Zoroaster now left his mountain caves. He must go and tell everyone how God had made him his messenger to Persia. He walked hundreds of miles, telling his story as he went. But no one would listen.

He told priests, and he told kings. But they paid no attention to him.

Once he became discouraged, and then an evil thought, which the story calls a devil, crept into his mind and told him that his vision was only a dream. God had never appeared to him at all. Why did he not give up the foolish idea of teaching the Persians this new religion?

But Zoroaster thought of God all the more earnestly. He took in his hands stones, that is, thoughts, from God's Good Mind and, hurling them at Evil Thought, drove him away.

Evil Thought soon returned and tempted him again, saying: "Give up this new religion and become a king."

Zoroaster replied: "I shall not renounce the good religion of the worshippers of God, not though life and limb should part asunder."

Once more Evil Thought snarled in his ear: "By whose word wilt thou conquer and withstand the evil of the world?"

Zoroaster answered: "With the Word proclaimed by God. With this Word will I withstand and vanquish thee, thou Evil Thought."

Then he repeated a prayer to God, and stood up straight, so invincible in his holiness that even Evil Thought cried out: "I can find no destruction for him. All glorious is Zoroaster."

For ten years Zoroaster travelled up and down the mountain valleys of Persia saying to everyone: "Join the good and pure religion. Walk in the path of God, the way of holiness. The way of God is the way of life and the increase of joy, O people of Persia." But during all those ten years no one would listen.

God, to encourage him, sent him many wonderful visions. These visions came to him upon the mountain tops or beside the crystal waters. In one of them

he saw a great host coming to support him. So he doubted not that he should win the people of his country to God's Good Kingdom.

At last he made one convert, his cousin. This cousin joined him, and together they travelled throughout Persia.

At the end of twelve years, when Zoroaster was forty-two years old, a king named Vishtasp gave him permission to tell his court about the new religion. On the appointed day Zoroaster entered the assembly room where Vishtasp and his queen, with their princes and courtiers awaited him. He wore a glistening, white robe. In one hand he carried a cypress staff, in the other a bowl in which fire was burning.

Fire is the purest thing in our world. Whatever is thrown into it becomes purified and transformed. Zoroaster took it as a symbol of God's holiness and truth. He told the king and his court that if they would let God's holy fire enter their hearts it would burn away all their sins.

On the following day he returned to the king's assembly room, and again the day after, until for three days Vishtasp and his court had listened while he told them of the laws which would make them a strong and prosperous nation. While he was proclaiming these glad tidings, the story says, even the dumb animals in the nearby courtyard danced for joy.

But the courtiers became jealous. They thought Vishtasp was too much interested in Zoroaster. They decided to ruin the prophet. So they put nails and bones and hair, the tools of witches and magicians, in his room, and then went to the king and told him that Zoroaster was a wicked magician. If Vishtasp would but come with them to the prophet's room they would prove it to him!

At this the king gave orders that Zoroaster should

be thrown into a dark dungeon and left there to starve. Soon, however, concluding that the charge against Zoroaster was false, he repented this cruel treatment and had him taken out and brought to the palace again.

Once more the prophet stood before the king and spoke of God. And this time, as Vishtasp listened, there came to him, too, a vision. He found himself in the presence of glorious archangels, heavenly beings surrounded by light divine. Although Vishtasp was a king, beside these holy visitors he seemed weak and insignificant, no more than a chariot driver.

Then king Vishtasp stepped down from his throne, and kneeling upon the ground dedicated his life to the service of Zoroaster and these heavenly archangels.

Soon the queen, and prince Isphandiar, and the whole court became converted to Zoroaster's teaching. They resolved, with the aid of their prophet-leader, to spread this teaching throughout Persia. "*Good thoughts, good words, good deeds,*" was their motto. They showed the people that good deeds meant digging up the weeds which wasted the land, and planting wheat and corn in their stead. It meant irrigating the desert so that corn could grow. It meant driving off the wild animals which threatened the people's lives. It also meant that the rich should share their income with the poor; it meant honesty and fair play.

Zoroaster taught the Persians that it was God's law they should be kind to their domestic animals. "Take good care of the cattle and the sheep," he told them, "and give especial kindness to the house dogs and the shepherd dogs. God has made them to watch over man's goods. When the wolf or the thief comes to the house in the night the dog awakens the sleeping people and protects them. He smites the wolf and tears him into pieces."

"God made the house dog and the shepherd dog self-clothed, self-shod, and watchful, and equipped them with sharp teeth. All men need do for them is to give them their food and treat them kindly."

"Take good care of the poultry," Zoroaster taught. "When the rooster crows in the early morning he is God's messenger to awaken you."

"Evil thoughts whisper: 'Go back to sleep.'"

"God's messenger cries: 'Arise, oh men! Whoever gets up first shall enter paradise. Arise quickly! Wash your hands, and build the fire, and begin a day of good deeds.'"¹

For thirty years Zoroaster, with the help of king Vishtasp, taught the Persian people to be honest, industrious, healthy, and pure. He taught them to think good thoughts, speak good words, and do good deeds. This was the way, he said, to bring prosperity and joy to their country.

And Zoroaster's promises to his people were fulfilled. So long as they followed his laws they prospered. Century after century they grew stronger and wiser until they were counted to be perhaps the wisest people in all the western world. At last they had a king whose empire was so large and well-governed that they called him Cyrus the Great. It was the good king Cyrus, the follower of Zoroaster, who sent the Hebrews home to Palestine after their long captivity in Babylon.

The Zoroastrians always remembered how their prophet had said that fire was a symbol of purity. So they kept fire burning in their temples and their homes to remind them of Zoroaster's laws. And in certain places in the mountains where natural gas was found they built tall towers and piped the gas up to the

¹ Adapted from quotations in the *Story of Media, Babylon and Persia*, by Zenaide A. Ragozin; Putnam's.

top of them. Then they put a torch to the gas and set it burning, a great flame on the top of a high tower. There it burned for years and years, in some places for centuries even, a brilliant symbol to the people of God's Holy Spirit which had spoken to them through their prophet Zoroaster.

MOHAMMED, PROPHET OF THE DESERT

CHAPTER XI

MOHAMMED, PROPHET OF THE DESERT

I. THE VOICE IN THE DESERT

To the south of Palestine there is a great desert called Arabia. The people of Arabia, for many centuries, were the fiercest savages. Even six hundred years after Jesus had lived most of them had heard nothing about him or his teachings. They were far away from the Christians and there was no one to tell them.

In Mecca, one of the cities of this wild and lawless country, there was born in the year 570 A.D. a little boy who was named Mohammed. His father and mother died when he was very young and he was taken to live in the home of an uncle.

This uncle loved him dearly and gave him the best of care, but no education. There were no books in those days and hardly any one in Arabia knew how to read or write. In later years there were many pretty stories told of how the angels came down from heaven to watch over little Mohammed and teach him all the things he should know.

His uncle was a merchant, and when Mohammed grew to manhood he would sometimes travel with the long desert caravans which carried goods to and fro through Arabia. He usually rode on the back of a camel. He was so trustworthy that his companions named him Al Almin, the faithful.

Because of his faithfulness Khadijah, a rich widow, employed him to travel and buy goods and manage her business for her. After a while she and Mohammed

were married. She said to him, "I love thee for the respect with which thy people regard thee, for thy honesty, for the beauty of thy character, and the trustworthiness of thy speech."

For fifteen years, until he was forty, Mohammed managed Khadijah's business and they lived in great happiness. Then there occurred a wonderful event which changed his whole life. Mohammed was in the habit of spending much of his time in prayer. One day he was in a mountain cave earnestly praying. The sun blazed hot on the bare, white mountain. The sandy and uninhabited valleys around his cave were very silent. As he prayed suddenly a voice rang through his mind. Moses had heard that same voice on Mount Sinai. It had spoken to Elijah. The voice said to Mohammed, "Cry!" It was so clear and wonderful it almost overwhelmed him. At last he asked, "What shall I cry?" The voice replied: "Cry in the name of thy Lord who created thee, thy Lord the most bountiful, who taught man what he did not know."

Mohammed went back and told his wife what he had heard; how God had spoken to him and wished him to go forth and persuade the Arabians to give up their savage ways. Khadijah was overjoyed that he should have been chosen for such a service. She believed in him and became his first disciple.

Mohammed now started out to tell the people of Mecca of the message he had for them: that God was not pleased with them and wished him, Mohammed, to teach them and give them the laws they must obey. He gathered all his kinsmen together one day at a banquet and there told them that he was chosen to be God's prophet to teach Arabia. He asked who would stand by him in this great undertaking. There was a deep silence. Then a boy, Ali, Mohammed's nephew,

arose and cried out, "Prophet of God, I will aid thee!" The older men were so amused that Mohammed's only follower should be this mere boy that they burst out laughing, and the company broke up.

When Mohammed tried to tell his mission to the rest of the people in Mecca they paid no more attention to him than had his relatives. How could it be, they argued, that their own townsman had been chosen by God to teach his laws to them. That was not the way, they declared, that God sent his messengers.

So is it always when a great prophet appears. The people see that he looks just like them and they will not believe that God has spoken especially to him and given him his good tidings.

Mohammed was in no wise discouraged by this ridicule. He had heard the divine voice ringing through his mind. He had felt God's heavenly love pouring into his heart, and he knew he was not mistaken. God was on his side. God had chosen him. God would protect him. And the people would some day believe in him and his words. Thus he could withstand any amount of opposition. God was with him; how could he be afraid?

His uncle came and plead with him to give up this foolish idea that God had chosen him to save Arabia. Mohammed with great dignity and earnestness replied: "Were the sun to come down on my right hand and the moon on my left and bid me give up my mission I could not abandon it." Then he burst into tears. How it grieved him to hurt the feelings of his uncle! But he could not disobey God even though the sun and the moon should leave the skies and bid him to do so; for God is greater than the sun and the moon.

His uncle was deeply moved by his courage, and exclaimed, "Go and say whatever thou wilt. I will never give thee up unto thy enemies."

Mohammed continued to preach. But the people only laughed at him. When he gathered them together to teach them one of his relatives would stand up and shout while Mohammed was speaking, trying to drown out his voice. And the people would jeer and taunt and sometimes throw stones at him. But Mohammed bore it patiently, never complaining. He said the people must be summoned "to the way of the Lord with wisdom and kindly warning. Dispute with them in the kindest manner. Endure what they say with patience and depart from them with a decorous departure." One of his uncles, seeing how nobly he endured all the persecutions heaped upon him, believed in him. He was won by Mohammed's goodness and sincerity.

For three years Mohammed preached his message to the people of Mecca. But at the end of that time a very small band, mostly slaves and very poor people, were his only followers.

For ten years more he called to them day after day: "O people of Mecca, there is but one God, God the Eternal. Nor is there one like unto him. He has sent down laws by obeying which all Arabia may prosper, and all the people enter into joy." He plead with them "by the splendor of the morning and still of night" not to worship their idols made of wood and stone but to turn to God who made the stars and the sun and the mountains, and obey him.

At the end of thirteen years there were only a few people who paid any attention to him. And some of these were killed because they believed him. Part of the time his followers were shut up in one quarter of the city where they had great difficulty in getting food.

Mohammed then went to a city seventy miles from Mecca and tried to teach the people there. But they

stoned him out of the town. These persecutions he endured with perfect patience. "Recompense evil," he said, "with that which is better." And what is it that is better than ridicule and stoning? It is love and forgiveness.

Conditions had become so dangerous for them in Mecca that Mohammed's followers could no longer live there. Many of them had been killed; others driven away. Mohammed himself had to hide in caves outside the city as forty men were pledged to kill him. So he began to send his followers away from the city by twos and threes, to Medina. When they were all safe he himself escaped one night and joined them.

His departure from Mecca is called "The Hegira."

Many years afterward when thousands of people loved and believed in him they made themselves a calendar, just as the Christians had done. Our Christian calendar begins with the birth of Christ. The Mohammedan calendar starts with this flight to Medina.

II. THE PROPHET BECOMES A KING

After the Hegira, in the year 622 A.D., there came a momentous change in the history of Arabia. For lo, when Mohammed began teaching his message to the people of Medina, *they* listened with joy. He was so trustworthy that many said that they had never seen his like before or after. "His dark, black, restless eyes flashed with light. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, as that of one who steps from a high to a low place. When he spoke it was with emphasis and no one could forget what he said." Many became his followers and so deeply did they respect him that they asked him to be their governor.

When the Meccans heard of his success they became greatly enraged. They even raised an army and

started post-haste for Medina. As they drew near Medina Mohammed stood within the city praying for guidance. What should he do? The Meccans were coming through the date orchards. Soon they would be upon him and would kill his followers and their wives and children. And there would be no one left to teach Arabia.

Then the divine voice spoke in his soul and bade him defend his disciples. Mohammed who had never struck any one in his life quickly gathered together three hundred Moslems, as his followers were called, and started out to meet an army of several thousand Meccans. But the Moslems, inspired by the thought that God was with them, fought with heroic bravery and put to flight the Meccan host.

Twice again the Meccans returned, hoping to annihilate Mohammed and his followers. Each time the Moslems thought of how God wished them to save Arabia. Then they fought with invincible courage and each time drove back the enemy.

Mohammed and his Moslems treated the prisoners they took in battle with a kindness which had never before been known in Arabia. They brought them to their homes and made them honored guests. They gave them the best of everything. Again and again the prisoners' hearts were melted by such kindness and they became converts to the new religion. Many of them, after they were released went to other places to proclaim the good news of Mohammed's teaching. Sometimes one man would convert a whole city. In this way city after city accepted the new message.

At last the people of Mecca made a treaty of peace. In this treaty it was agreed that on a certain day all the Meccans should leave their city and allow the Moslems to enter it. There was a shrine in Mecca called the Caaba (Ka'a-ba) which the Arabians had

held sacred for centuries. Mohammed and the Moslems wished to visit this shrine.

When the appointed day arrived the Meccans, as agreed, left the city and sat or stood on the sandy hills outside. Then Mohammed, walking with his free, stately stride entered Mecca with all the Moslems behind him. Three days he and his followers spent there in prayer. Then they walked out again. They were so humble and devout, Mohammed so kindly and majestic, that some of the watching Meccans realized he was a great prophet and became his followers.

But the rest of them soon forgot all about these wonderful days and broke their treaty with the Moslems. Then Mohammed, seeing there would be no peace for Arabia until Mecca was subdued, besieged and captured the city.

When the victors entered Mecca Mohammed forbade them to touch any property, or harm anyone, or even injure the date orchards. It was the custom in ancient times for armies to plunder the cities they captured. Mohammed said his army must treat their captives with love and kindness even though for years the Meccans had tried to kill them. Mohammed himself was always their example.

One day he lay asleep under a tree at a distance from camp. Suddenly he was awakened. There standing over him was an enemy, a hostile warrior.

"O Mohammed," he cried, "who is there now to save thee?"

"God," replied the prophet.

As he spoke there was something so fearless and splendid in his utterance that the warrior was struck with awe. "If God is protecting Mohammed," he thought, "what can I do unto him?" And he dropped his sword. Mohammed arose, quietly took up the sword and lifted it over the man's head.

"Who is there now to save *thee?*" he asked.

"Alas, no one!" answered the terrified soldier.

"Then learn from me to be merciful," replied the prophet, and handed the soldier his sword.¹

Conquered by Mohammed's kindness, this warrior became one of his most faithful disciples.

III. MOHAMMED CONQUERS ARABIA

In time Mohammed's empire included all Arabia. Tribe after tribe joined the kingdom. For a thousand years these tribes had fought and killed each other. Now, under their prophet-king, they became a united and a splendid people, one great brotherhood of Moslems.

This all happened within the first ten years after Mohammed's flight from Mecca. Mohammed fought very few battles. Most of the tribes joined him just because he was so kind and forgiving, so fearless and strong. He conquered Arabia not by the sword but by his teaching.

This teaching he received from God's promptings in his heart. When he heard God speaking within his soul he had the message written down on palm leaves or the white bones of the sheep which lay in the desert. Then his followers copied the words and spread them throughout Arabia. Afterward they collected them into a book called the Koran. The Koran is the bible of all the Mohammedans.

It was impossible for everybody in Arabia to see Mohammed, or hear him speak or witness his love. So his followers took his words and with his mighty spirit glowing in their hearts went forth to convert the Arabians. They went fearlessly among the most savage tribes, into places where they might, perhaps, be killed any moment.

¹ Adapted from *Spirit of Islam*, by Syed Ameer Ali.

A devoted Moslem, a man named Musa'b (Mu'sahb) was once teaching the new religion in a house where he was a guest. Suddenly an enemy of the cause appeared at the door and cried out to Musa'b, "What are you doing, leading weak-minded folk astray? If you value your life begone hence!" And he raised his spear to throw it at him.

Musa'b, not at all frightened, answered quietly, "Sit down and listen; if thou art pleased with what thou hearest, accept it; if not, then leave it."

The man quieted his fury, stuck his spear into the earthen floor of the room, and sat down.

Then Musa'b, his face and heart aglow with the glad tidings of the One God and the religion he had sent to earth, explained the teachings of Mohammed. The rough man, who had come to kill him, listened quietly. Presently his heart was softened, and filled with joy he cried, "What must I do to enter this new religion?"

"Purify thyself with water and confess there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God," Musa'b told him. The man did so and started out to tell others of the glad tidings.

Mohammed himself was often in danger of losing his life. A man named Umar set out one time in a great rage to kill him. As he was rushing through the streets of the city, sword in hand, in search of Mohammed, someone stopped him and asked what he was doing.

"I am looking for Mohammed," he cried, "to kill the renegade."

"Why dost thou not rather punish the members of thy own family and set them right?" asked his friend.

"Who are those of my own family?" Umar exclaimed in surprise. He did not suspect that any of his family had been converted.

"Thy brother-in-law, Sa'id (Sah'id), and thy sister,

Fatima, who have become Moslems," his friend answered.

Off the enraged Umar ran, to the home of his sister and her husband. He found them reading aloud a chapter from the Koran written on a loose sheet of paper. As he entered the room they quickly concealed it.

"What was that sound I heard?" shouted Umar.

"It was nothing," they replied.

"Nay, but I have heard you," said Umar, "and have learned that you have become followers of Mohammed."

At that he turned upon his sister's husband to kill him. But Fatima threw herself between them crying out bravely, "Yes, we are Moslems; we believe in the one good God and his prophet; slay us if you will."

In his effort to reach her husband Umar struck his sister's cheek with his sword. At the sight of the blood on her face his heart was softened. He put down his sword and asked to see the paper they had been reading. After some hesitation Fatima handed it to him. It was the twentieth sura, or chapter, of Mohammed's Koran.

As Umar read his anger disappeared, and he cried out in wonder, "How beautiful, how sublime it is! Lead me to Mohammed that I may tell him of my conversion!"¹

As the wild and barbarous tribes of the Arabian desert learned to obey and love Mohammed there gradually came over them a remarkable change. They forgot their quarrels and lived peaceably together. Learning spread among them. Civilization arose, and from the ninth to the twelfth centuries the Moslems were the most enlightened, the wisest, and best educated people in all the world. They founded universities so excellent

¹These two stories are taken from T. W. Arnold's *Preaching of Islam* (Scribner's), Chapter II.

that the people of Italy and France and Germany were glad to come to them for instruction. Many of them settled in Spain, where they built that wonderful building, the Alhambra.

To the end of his life Mohammed remained humble and kind. Though ruler over a great empire, when he entered a room he always took the lowliest seat. If a servant came to his door and told him he had been mistreated, Mohammed, the king, would take his hand and go with him to secure justice. He would accept the invitation of a slave to dinner. When he might have had hundreds to serve him, he mended his own clothes and waited upon himself. "He would kindle the fire, sweep the floor, and milk the goats." The little food he had he always shared with those who dropped in to partake of it. Indeed, outside the prophet's house was a bench on which was always to be found a number of poor who lived entirely upon his generosity, and who hence were called "the people of the bench." His ordinary food was dates and water, or barley bread; milk and honey were luxuries of which he was fond, but which he rarely allowed himself. He slept on the ground with nothing under him but an old Arab coat. He lived thus in order that he might have money to give to the suffering and the poor.

One day his nephew, Ali, brought him a handsome coat. Mohammed exchanged it for a cheaper one and gave away the money that was thus saved. A few days later he gave away this coat also to a man who was shivering from the cold. He gave away so much that he had no money left to buy fuel for himself, and for weeks at a time there would be no fire in the home of the prophet-king.

When men are thus unselfish God fills their minds with his spirit, and their words have power to change the hearts of men.

BUDDHA, THE LIGHT OF ASIA

CHAPTER XII

BUDDHA, THE LIGHT OF ASIA

I. THE PRINCE IN THE PALACE

FROM India there come many tales of princes, their jewels, and their palaces. The most beautiful of all is the story of Gau'ta-ma, the Buddha. He lived long, long ago, but is still loved by millions of people in India and China and Japan. If we should ask these people why they love him they would tell us he was the savior and the light of Asia.

His father, Shuddhodana (Shud-o-da'na), was the king of a little province south of the snow-crested Himalaya Mountains. Maya-devi, his mother, was "beautiful as the water-lily and pure in mind as the lotus." When the baby Gautama was born it was such a wonderful event in the history of Asia that we are told: "All the worlds were flooded with light, whilst celestial music rang through the air and the angels rejoiced with gladness."¹

The baby child was so beautiful and perfect his parents realized he must be destined to do a great work for the world. It is said that their belief was confirmed by the visit of a holy man who lived in the nearby forest. This holy man prayed to God night and day. Everyone honored him for his wisdom and goodness. When he came near where the young child was he burst into tears. The king was alarmed and asked, "Why has the sight of my son caused thee grief and pain?"

¹ Most of the quotations in this chapter are taken from *The Gospel of Buddha*, by Paul Carus. Open Court Publishing Company.

His saintly visitor turned his eyes to the king with joy shining through his tears, and cried, "Banish all anxiety and doubt. The king should feel great joy for he has a wondrously noble son. He is born for the sake of all that live. He will rescue from bondage all the poor and the miserable and the helpless." And the old man wept because he was so old he must die before the child should grow to manhood and begin the glorious liberation of the suffering people of Asia.

As Gautama grew up he became very strong and athletic. He excelled in archery. He won in all sorts of contests. But his mind grew even faster, so that while he was still a little boy he talked with wise men and answered their questions. The story says that "as the light of the moon little by little increases, so the royal child grew from day to day in mind and body; and truthfulness and love resided in his heart."

His father, the king, wanted him to be a mighty emperor and was sure this would come about, for the holy man had prophesied that Gautama should rule the world.

Now men, as we have seen, may rule in two ways. Some gather together armies and conquer nations by war. Others conquer by their love and their teachings. Gautama's father wanted his son to win his empire with an army. He did not realize how much better it would be to conquer by love. So in his ignorance he determined the boy should be a powerful monarch. "I will make him love fine clothes and horses and palaces," thought the king, "then he will never be satisfied, for the more he has the more he will want. This will make him go out and fight other kings that he may take for himself their wealth."

So he built for his son a palace and surrounded it with gardens full of trees and fountains and flowers and birds. Some say he built for him three palaces, one

for the winter, one for the hot summer, and one for the pleasant spring and autumn. Then the king hired musicians and dancers to come and amuse the prince. He built a high wall around the gardens and never let Gautama go outside their fairy-like enclosures lest he should see the suffering people and be moved to help them.

Until he was twenty-nine years old Prince Gautama lived in his father's royal palaces. He married, and had a little son of his own, named Rahula. He tenderly loved his wife and little Rahula, but every now and then he wondered how the other children in the world were living, and if the people outside the palace gardens were happy also. At last he decided to go and see for himself.

Then the king ordered a jewel-fronted chariot with four stately horses to be got ready, and he sent out a decree to all the people to make their houses beautiful with flowers and banners and to hide away every ugly and sorrowful sight. When everything was prepared Gautama stepped into his sparkling chariot and the charioteer drove the horses through the garden gates.

As they passed along the empty road suddenly they met an old man. His hair was white, his body bent. The prince was astonished. He had never seen an old person before. But his charioteer told him everyone must grow old.

A little further on they came upon a sick man lying by the wayside groaning with pain. Then a funeral procession passed by. In quick succession the prince saw these signs of the suffering in the world.

That night prince Gautama found no rest upon his soft pillow. He was thinking of all the sorrowful people in Asia, and wondering who was to help them. At last he arose and went out into the garden. "Alas!" he cried, "all the world is full of darkness and ignorance

and there is no one who knows how to cure the ills of existence." Then he sat down under a tree and prayed to God.

Soon he became tranquil, and there came to him a wonderful vision. He saw a saintly man who said to him, "You are the one to teach a suffering world the path to peace and joy. You are to be a Buddha." A Buddha is a Christlike teacher who shall save the world by his teachings.

The heart of the prince beat with joy at this good tidings. But he knew that he must first pray and learn just how to teach.

In India when a man wishes to pray and gain great wisdom he goes off alone into the forest or the mountains where he eats very little, and thinks of God all the time. Gautama decided this was what he must do. He knew that as long as he stayed in the palace his father would insist upon his living as a prince. So he must leave the palace. It was God's command that he prepare himself to save Asia.

To leave his beloved wife and child caused him great sorrow. But for the sake of those whom he was to teach it must be done. In war sometimes a father leaves his wife and children and dies on the battlefield. He does this to save his country. Gautama had to leave his wife and child to save a country which God was to give him — the hearts of the people of India.

"The prince returned to the bedroom of his wife to take a last farewell glance at those whom he dearly loved above all the treasures of the earth. He longed to take the boy once more into his arms and kiss him with a parting kiss. But the child lay in the arms of its mother and he could not lift the boy without awakening both.

"At last the prince tore himself away with a manly heart. He mounted his steed Kanthaka, and find-

ing the gates of the castle wide open, he went out into homelessness, accompanied only by his faithful charioteer.

“Darkness lay upon the earth, but the stars shone brightly in the heavens.”

II. THE PRINCE BECOMES THE BUDDHA

When the prince had travelled a short distance from the palace he dismounted and sent his horse back by the charioteer. He bade the charioteer tell his father that he had decided to retire into the forest to pray until God taught him the way to save mankind.

Then he exchanged his princely clothes for a rough, yellow robe. He found a beggar's bowl which he tied with a string and hung around his neck. This was the way the monks in India dressed. Then he went quietly away to his life in the forest. Each day he came forth into the streets of a nearby town and went from door to door with his empty bowl. When some kindly person had filled it with rice he would go back, eat his frugal meal, and spend the rest of his time in prayer.

With this change from the life of the palace to that of the penniless pilgrim there came to Gautama peace and joy. As he walked along the highway with his beggar's bowl in his hand his eyes shone with happiness. “The beauty of his youth was transfigured by his holiness. It surrounded his head like a halo.” The people who saw him pass often stopped and gazed at the wonderful sight of his majestic, spiritual beauty.

One day as he sat under a tree by a flowing river eating his rice a king named Bam-bi-sa'ra drew near. He had heard of Gautama and came to visit him. As he approached he beheld the peace which shone in Gautama's face, and the gentleness of his manners, and his kingly bearing.

"Oh Gautama!" he cried, "your hands are fit to grasp the reins of an empire and should not hold a beggar's bowl." And Bambisara urged him to come with him and help him in ruling his kingdom. But the prince answered that he had given up one kingdom to serve God and he did not want another. Now he was going still further away, to find the truth which would bring joy and salvation to all people.

"May you obtain that which you seek," exclaimed Bambisara, and bowing before him with great reverence he clasped Prince Gautama's hands. Then Bambisara departed, with a great love for Gautama in his heart.

The prince went deep into the forest. There he joined five monks who believed that by fasting and living in great hardship they could become so pure that God would speak to them. Gautama prayed continually and fasted more rigorously than the others. At last he ate only one grain of rice a day. On this diet he became so weak he could hardly walk, and one day he fainted away.

Then he saw that to serve God and mankind effectively he must have a strong and well body. So he gave up his ascetic habits. At this his five companions forsook him. They thought he had given up his fasting because he found it too hard. But Gautama had only taken another step toward the wisdom he sought. He had discovered that the body is the temple of God whose Spirit dwelleth in us and we must take care of God's temple and keep it well. He had learned many other things also in the seven years he had now spent in the forest, and the time was drawing near for the great discovery which should make him a savior of Asia.

One morning, after bathing in the river, he went and sat down under a bo tree and began to pray. And God's spirit so filled him that his face shone bright

from the light within. Presently a little servant girl passed by. When she saw him she ran away and told her mistress a god had come down to earth and was sitting under the bo tree. "And," she cried, "he illumined the whole tree with his radiance."

Her mistress, overjoyed at the news, immediately prepared a delicious dish of rice and milk and putting it in a golden bowl brought it to Gautama. As she came toward him she stopped every few steps and bowed. Reverently she presented the bowl, and then departed, joy singing in her heart.

The prince ate and was refreshed. As he continued quietly thinking of God suddenly his mind was filled with more light and he understood by what means he was to save the suffering people. It seemed to him as though the very heavens resounded with the good news.

Then, the story tells us, the devil, Mara, as they called him in India, determined to ruin Gautama and prevent him from teaching. So he gathered together his hosts and tried to tempt and frighten the holy prince. First he sent a whirlwind. But when it reached Gautama he was so completely surrounded by the presence of God that it caused not so much as a fluttering of his robes.

Then Mara poured a torrent of rain upon him. This, when it touched the prince, was no more than a few drops of dew.

Then he caused a shower of rocks in which immense mountain peaks flew smoking and flaming through the sky. But on reaching the future Buddha they became a celestial bouquet of flowers.

When Mara saw this he fled away with his army from the bo tree, whilst from above a rain of heavenly flowers fell and voices of good spirits were heard, saying:

"Behold the great prophet! His mind unmoved by hatred; the hosts of the wicked one have not overawed him. He is pure and wise, loving and full of mercy."

This is of course a parable, a story to show how evil thoughts and feelings may tempt us. But if we refuse to let these thoughts enter our minds, and think only of God, he protects us and fills our hearts with the flowers of love and joy.

The sun was setting when the tempter left the prince. As the silence of the night fell about him Gautama saw the truth which should bring peace to mankind. He was exalted with a wonderful joy, such as only great prophets know. For days he sat there, under the bo tree, thinking of the gospel which should save the world. His body was on earth; his spirit in heaven. From that time on he was called the Buddha, which means one who is enlightened with the light of God.

Then, again, Mara came to tempt him.

"You now know the joy of heaven," he said. "Let your spirit leave your body and float away to the heights of glory where it shall abide forever. Why stay on earth and teach the people? Now enter peace eternal, O Sublime One!"

"Get thee hence, Wicked One!" answered the Buddha. "I shall preach the way of salvation to all such as are pure in heart and of good-will, so that the Truth may be spread abroad over the whole world to the joy and blessing of all people."¹

Gautama had learned the way to joy. He must tell other people of this way. He loved them so deeply he could not leave them in their poverty and sorrow until first he had shared with them the glad tidings. So in his great love for men he started forth under the hot sky, over the dusty roads, his beggar's bowl in his

¹ Adapted from *The Way of the Buddha, Wisdom of the East Series*, E. P. Dutton and Company.

hand, to teach the people of India the path that leads to joy and peace eternal.

III. BUDDHA BECOMES THE LIGHT OF ASIA

The first persons the Buddha met were the five monks who had been his companions in the forest. When they saw the light in his face they stopped and spoke to him. He told them of his wonderful discovery; how as he was sitting under the bo tree he learned the way to be happy; how he was to tell the glad news to all the people; and how no one, if he followed his teaching, need ever be sorrowful again. This teaching was that there are four noble truths, the fourth of these being that there is an eightfold path that leads through sorrow to joy. "The eightfold path is (1) right comprehension; (2) right resolutions; (3) right speech; (4) right acts; (5) right way of earning a livelihood; (6) right efforts; (7) right thoughts; and (8) the right state of a peaceful mind."¹ We are unhappy because we want our own selfish way. We are joyful when we give up our own way, to walk in the better pathway of God's will. We are miserable when we are angry; we are happy when we love someone. When we are good and kind it seems as though a bird were singing in our heart. Who are the happy men and women and children? Those who are kind and love one another. The more love there is in our hearts, the happier we are. That was the good news Buddha had for the people of India.

The five monks listened to his words. They felt their truth and were convinced. They became his first disciples.

This little party, now six in number, went up and down the highways of India teaching the good news. For many years they taught, and hundreds of people

¹ From *The Gospel of Buddha*, by Paul Carus.

listened to them and believed them. Leaving their palaces and wealth they joined Buddha and his disciples. They donned the rough, yellow robe of the monk and hung the beggar's bowl about their necks. They had no money, but they were the happiest people in India. Week after week and month after month they travelled on foot throughout the country, teaching as they went. The only time they rested was during the rainy season. Then they gathered under great shed-like buildings and the people came to them to hear the divine words of wisdom from the lips of the Buddha.

During these years the fame of the Buddha spread throughout India, and his father, hearing of him, sent to ask his son to make him a visit. A messenger came with the words: "O world-honored Buddha, your father looks for your coming as the lily for the rising of the sun."

Happy was Gautama to return to his home and he sent word to his father: "The prince, having wandered forth from home into homelessness to find enlightenment, having obtained his purpose, is coming back."

Now the king had been grieved because his son had given up his kingdom. But when he went out to meet him and heard the melodious words and felt the wonderful love of the Buddha his sadness was changed into joy. He saw how much better it was to bring happiness to suffering people than just to enjoy one's self in a palace.

After greeting his father Gautama went to see his wife, the princess. Then he learned that all the time he had been in the forest she had spent in prayer. She had cared nothing for the riches of the king's court, "for the high seats with splendid coverings on which the other princesses loved to sit." She had lived in simplicity all these years. And lo, she, too, had become saintly. Happy indeed was the Buddha at this good news.

A few days after his arrival the princess dressed Rahula in his most splendid suit, and taking him to the palace window pointed out to him the Buddha in the garden below. And she said to Rahula, "This holy man whose appearance is so glorious is your father. He possesses four great mines of wealth which I have not yet seen. So go to him and entreat him to give them to you, for the son should inherit his father's property."

Rahula went to Buddha, and looking up in his face said with much affection, "My father!" Then he asked for the mines with all their wealth.

With his heart overflowing with love for his little son, Buddha answered: "Gold and silver and jewels are not in my possession. But if you are willing to receive spiritual treasures, and are strong enough to carry them and to keep them, I shall give you the four truths which will teach you the path of righteousness. Do you desire to be admitted to our brotherhood and win the inheritance of a holy life, that treasure which shall never perish?"

And Rahula replied with firmness: "I do." Thus he became one of the Buddha's disciples.

For many years Buddha and his disciples taught the people of India, leading them along the pathways of peace and joy. But at last he was quite an old man and the time had come for him to ascend into the glory of the heavenly world.

Ananda, his beloved disciple stood weeping at the door. Suppressing his tears, he said to the Buddha: "Who shall teach us when thou art gone?"

Buddha replied: "Do not let yourself be troubled; do not weep. I am not the first Buddha who came upon the earth, nor shall I be the last. In due time another Buddha will arise in the world, a Holy One, a supremely enlightened One, a master of angels and mortals.

He will reveal to you the same eternal truths that I have taught you. He will proclaim a religious life, wholly perfect and pure, such as I now proclaim."

Ananda said; "How shall we know him?"

Buddha answered: "He will be known as Maitreya (My-tra'ya), which means 'he whose name is Kindness.'"

SOCRATES, THE UNAFRAID

CHAPTER XIII

SOCRATES, THE UNAFRAID

IN ancient Greece each city was like a little kingdom. Each of these little kingdoms was famous for its heroes.

Sparta was one of these cities. The people there were very strong and courageous. They learned to suffer pain without flinching. They were quite indifferent as to what happened to them.

They set the children lessons which would make them, also, courageous and firm of will. When they were quite small they sent them alone through dark places, so they would learn not to be afraid. They trained them in athletics, in running and jumping, to make their muscles strong and hard.

And the children learned these lessons in heroic fashion. One day a Spartan boy caught a fox and came to table with it hidden in his coat. Presently the fox began to bite him; but the boy gave no sign. He had been taught to pay no attention to pain. And it was only when his coat was stained with blood that anyone knew he was in trouble.

Even now, when we wish to say some one is very brave we say he is a Spartan.

In Athens, another city of Greece, the people were great scholars. They wrote books. They wrote plays and acted them in out-of-door theaters. They were great artists and sculptors. They built the beautiful Parthenon.

Now Socrates, the hero of this chapter, lived in Athens, and of all the Athenians he was the wisest. But he possessed more than the learning of Athens.

He was as strong in body and as courageous in mind as the strongest Spartan. For a number of years he was a soldier. The cities of Greece, as we know, were continually fighting one another, and Athens needed all her strong men for her protection.

One bitter winter the Athenians were carrying on a campaign at Potidaea. The soldiers "put on no end of clothing and wrapped their feet in felt and fleeces. But Socrates, with his bare feet on the ice and in his ordinary dress, marched better than any of them." When rations were delayed he cheerfully went hungry. No one of the soldiers could endure fatigue so well as he.

At Delium, once, the Athenians were defeated and fled in panic. The pursuing enemy struck down only those who were afraid, Socrates retreated so calmly and bravely no one dared touch him. It was said afterwards that if all had retreated as did Socrates, defeat would have turned into victory.

Socrates loved to exercise his mind and think out problems. He wanted his mind to be as strong as were his muscles. Once, when there was no fighting, and the soldiers were all resting in camp he got up at sunrise and walked away a short distance. He was trying to find the answer to a problem. He stopped under a tree and stood there, deep in thought. All day long he stood, thinking and thinking. The problem was very difficult.

The sun set, but still Socrates stood in the same place, thinking out his problem.

Some soldiers, wondering how long he would stand there, brought out their mats and lay down near him so they could watch.

All night, they said, Socrates stood, lost in thought. As the sun was rising there came to him the answer he sought. Then quietly he walked away.

Socrates longed to see the men and women of Athens as firm of will and fearless of suffering as he was. So when he came back from the wars he began teaching them, that is, sharing with them all his knowledge. Each day he went down to the market place where the people gathered, and waited for some one to come and talk with him. He was very poor and the robe he wore was quite threadbare. But that made no difference to him.

The rich and fashionably dressed young men of the city would come and sit beside him. And for hours at a time they would listen to Socrates while he explained to them how true happiness comes from study and thinking and good deeds, and not from expensive clothes and houses.

Socrates never wearied of teaching. One night he attended a banquet given by the young men of Athens. All the evening he kept telling the guests about God who rules the world, and the beauty of goodness. They listened till sunrise; then they fell asleep. Whereupon Socrates arose and left the banquet hall. Although he had been speaking all night he did not go home to rest. He simply refreshed himself with a bath, and went back to the market place to continue his teaching.

Sometimes Socrates' conversations in the streets made enemies. There were men in Athens who did not want to be taught by him. When Socrates told them they had done things which were wrong they became angry. When he said they should not worship idols, as they were doing, they hated him.

So one day, being much displeased with these talks of his, they brought him before the court of Athens to try him for his life.

The five hundred judges who made up the court sat where they could all see him. After they had lis-

tened to what his enemies had to say against him they asked Socrates to explain his conduct.

Calm and fearless, he arose and faced his enemies. He told them that his love for the Athenians had prompted him to teach them. This love had caused him to forget all about his own affairs. He had thought only of helping the people of Athens. He taught them because he knew it was the will of God. "And now," he said, standing there before the court in his shabby robe, "I am in utter poverty by reason of my devotion to God." But still he was happy to live in poverty if only he might serve God. The court might sentence him to be killed, said he, but "A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying. He ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong."

He was like a soldier placed at his post. His commander was God. God bade him teach. He could not cease his teaching until his commander dismissed him. If the court bade him cease he would reply: "Men of Athens, I honor and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you. I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times. My only fear is the fear of doing an unrighteous or unholy thing."

Although his defense was true, his enemies in the court condemned him to die.

He took their verdict quietly. He knew that after his death his soul would fly into a purer and better world. Therefore he said: "O judges, be of good cheer about death. Know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death."

He was now taken away to prison there to await his execution which would occur in a few days. Each

night he slept soundly and peacefully. Each day he spent in teaching the young men who came to see him.

One morning a friend came in and said he could arrange for him to escape from prison and flee to another country. But Socrates replied that the good man never flees from danger. The good man never disobeys the law. His country had decreed he must die. Therefore he must abide in prison until the day of his execution.

It was decreed that he should die by drinking a cup of poison. He was to drink it just as the sun was setting behind the hills.

As the afternoon drew to its close Socrates went out and had a bath. Then, fresh and serene, he returned to his companions. They were broken-hearted at the thought of his approaching martyrdom. Gently he comforted them, and bade them not to weep.

As the hour of sunset drew near the jailer entered and said: "Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, fare you well. You know my errand."

Socrates replied: "I return your good wishes and will do as you bid." Then turning to his companions, he said: "How charming the man is. Since I have been in prison he has always been as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. Let the cup be brought if the poison is prepared."

An attendant brought it to him. Cheerfully he raised it to his lips and, breathing a prayer for a prosperous journey from this to the other world, drank off the poison.

He was cheerful because, as he had said before: "When I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blest. . . . (and) I shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse

with Palamedes and Ajax and other heroes of old who suffered death through an unjust judgment." It was so interesting a place, he felt, that he said to his judges at his trial: "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better only God knows."

JESUS, THE HEROIC MASTER

CHAPTER XIV

JESUS, THE HEROIC MASTER

I. THE MESSIAH APPEARS

A THOUSAND years had passed since the days of the good king David. The Hebrews had been conquered by the Assyrians, and by the Babylonians. They had been carried away to foreign countries where most of them had died. A few, however, returned to their beloved Palestine, rebuilt the cities, and kept their little nation intact.

At last the Romans came from across the seas, made war upon them, and after an easy victory made the poor Hebrews Roman subjects. They were allowed to live in their homes in Palestine, but each town was guarded by Roman soldiers and a Roman governor ruled over them. They also had to pay heavy taxes to the Roman emperor.

The Jews were broken-hearted at having their independence taken away. Day and night they thought and talked of the Messiah whom God had promised them and of whom their prophets had told them. He would be a king like David, they said, a mighty soldier and ruler. He would be a general, and all the Hebrews would rally round him. Under his leadership they would attack the Romans and drive them out of Palestine. Thus the Hebrew people would regain their independence. Every Jewish mother prayed that God would send her a little boy baby who would become this longed-for Messiah, and every Jewish father hoped that the Messiah would come soon and release them from the hated Romans.

We all know the story: how a Hebrew man named Joseph and his young wife Mary left their home in Nazareth one day and travelled to Bethlehem to pay their tax to the Roman emperor; how, when they reached Bethlehem, the only place they could find to stay was a stable. But that stable became more beautiful than any palace, for that night a little son, Jesus, was born to them. This tiny baby was destined to be the great Messiah.

Of Jesus' life while he was growing up we know but little. His parents were very poor and we can imagine how, when he was still a small boy, he learned his father's trade of carpentering in order to earn money for the family.

When he was thirty years old a remarkable man appeared in Palestine. His name was John the Baptist. He was a man of fire, like Elijah. He declared he was the one who should herald the coming of the Messiah. He urged the people to live holy lives, and there "went out to him, Jerusalem, and all Judea and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." The baptism was a beautiful symbol by which people showed that they longed to have their hearts cleansed and made pure, as water cleansed their bodies.

Jesus went also and asked to be baptized with the others. As he rose up from the water after his baptism he saw a glorious vision. The Holy Spirit of God descended upon him as gently as a dove and a voice from heaven said to him: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." Then he knew that *he* was to be the Messiah whom John was heralding and for whom all the people were watching.

He spoke to no one about this great knowledge which had come to him, but went quietly away by himself, into the desert. There he could think it all

out and pray to God to teach him how to be a Messiah to his people and to the world. He knew that the Jews wanted a king who would make them rich and strong and would conquer all the other nations. And Jesus was sure that, with the power which God had now bestowed upon him, he could easily accomplish this feat. Then when he had become a great ruler he could compel the people to obey God's laws. But he put this thought out of his mind, as a temptation from Satan. God's kingdom could not be brought to earth through fighting and hatred. God's methods were love and kindness.

Then he wondered if he might prove to the people that he was really their Messiah sent from God by performing some supernatural feat, like throwing himself from the high tower of the temple in Jerusalem and reaching the ground unhurt. But this also he put from him as the whispering of Satan.

Forty days and nights Jesus spent alone in the wilderness praying to God. And his pure heart was filled with God's Holy Spirit. He cared not at all what might happen to him. His one wish was to tell God's message in words so loving and divine that they would win all the world to God's new kingdom.

When he went back among the people his face was radiant with the light which came from God, his voice melodious with the love of God. The people came to him in crowds and gathered about him and could hardly bear to leave him. "Never man spake like this man!" they said to one another. Far and wide spread the news that a great teacher had come into Galilee.

Every day, all day long, he talked with the people and taught them, telling beautiful stories. He also healed many who were sick, through the power of God's Holy Spirit.

One day he met an insane man, a maniac. This man lived in tombs and in the mountains, and terrorized every one who came near him. They had tied him with cords and chains, but he rent the fetters asunder and brake the chains in pieces. Jesus spoke to him with divine authority and bade him be well, and his insanity left him. A few days later the people saw this former maniac, whom everyone had feared, sitting at Jesus' feet gentle and quiet and in his right mind.

"And Jesus went about in Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people." And they were amazed and exclaimed: "We never saw it on this fashion!"

"And it came to pass on one of those days, that he was teaching. And there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, who were come out of every village of Galilee and Judea and Jerusalem. And the power of the Lord was with him to heal. And behold, men bring on a bed a man that was palsied: and they sought to bring him in, and to lay him before him. And not finding by what way they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went up to the housetop, and let him down through the thatch with his couch into the midst before Jesus. And seeing their faith, he said, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee. And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who can forgive sins but God alone? But Jesus perceiving their reasonings, answered and said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts? Whether it is easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven thee: or to say, Arise and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (he saith unto him that was palsied) I say unto

thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thy house.

"And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his house, glorifying God. And amazement took hold on all, and they glorified God; and they were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things today."

Sometimes people's bodies were well but their minds were sick. Perhaps they became very angry when they were not pleased, or they were jealous of one another, or treated some one cruelly. When they behaved very, very badly it was said they were possessed by demons, for so indeed it seemed from the things which they did.

Jesus healed these people also. When he spoke to them his thrilling words of love and kindness it seemed as though a new mind entered into them and pushed the wicked mind out. They no longer wanted to be angry and cruel. They saw what happiness Jesus brought to people by loving them, and they longed to become like him.

Every day the people thronged around him. They thought if they could but touch the hem of his garment they would be cured of all their diseases. Once, when he was standing beside the lake of Galilee, they crowded so close that he had to get into a boat and push out from the shore in order that all might see and hear him.

II. THE MASTER AND HIS DISCIPLES

Jesus now chose some assistants. They were called the twelve disciples. A disciple means a learner. He asked these twelve men to leave their homes and come with him. He would teach them and make them wise and courageous. And they could go into

parts of the country which he could not reach and give many people his heavenly messages.

Four fishermen, Simon Peter and his brother Andrew, John and his brother James, were the first of the disciples whom he selected. They were busy mending their nets on the shore by the lake of Galilee when Jesus called them. He bade them leave their nets and come with him. He would make them fishers of men.

The next disciple was Levi, the tax gatherer. Levi was employed by the Roman government and was sitting at the city gate collecting toll from all who passed when Jesus said to him: "Follow me!" Instantly he left his seat and went to him. He felt the authority in Jesus' words and trusted him. He became his disciple, and was afterward called Matthew. The next morning, following the guidance of God, Jesus chose the rest of the twelve disciples.

To serve the kingdom of God they gave up everything they possessed. The foxes had their holes and the birds of the air their nests, but Jesus often had not where to lay his head. But what wonderful times they had together, these disciples and their Master! They walked from city to city proclaiming the glad news that God had sent a religion which would bring joy to the world. They healed the sick and cast out many demons of selfishness and sin. They ate their meals together wherever they happened to be, in the desert, in the secluded places of the mountains, or in some quiet cottage by the roadside. Deeply did they love Jesus and wonderful was his presence in their midst. As he broke the bread and gave it to them it seemed like bread from heaven.

One day when Peter and James and John were with Jesus on a mountain top, praying, their spiritual eyes were opened and they saw the spirit of Jesus in all

its glory. His face was shining like the sun. He was surrounded with such a splendor of light that his garments were glistening and white as no fuller on earth could whiten them. And beside him they saw Moses and Elijah. God permitted the disciples to behold, for a moment, the glorious spirit which was in the body of Jesus. The sight was so blinding in its splendor that they fell to the ground in fear. When they looked up again Jesus was alone. Then they heard a voice from heaven saying: "This is my beloved son. Hear ye him." This told them that the Jews were to listen to Jesus and obey him. For centuries they had followed Moses. But Jesus had better laws for them now and henceforth *he* was to be their supreme teacher and Master.

Little by little he began to tell his new truth to the people of Palestine. Then came the trouble which caused his crucifixion. The Jews had a multitude of rules which they said God had given to Moses. If any one broke these rules he was put to death. One rule was that no one should do any work on the Sabbath day. Even if a man were ill he must not be helped until the Sabbath was past.

Jesus said this law was wrong. And one Sabbath day, before a whole group of Jewish Pharisees and priests, he healed a sick man. He said God did good on the Sabbath. He was God's son. His father worked and he must work. He told the people also that God had bidden him abolish many other laws which they were following. They were good rules in their time, but they were now outgrown, like an old garment.

When they heard this the teachers of the Jewish religion became furious, and they sought to put Jesus to death. Yet he continued to go about among them fearlessly.

One day he was teaching in the synagogue at Nazareth, his home town. He told his townsmen that he was the great teacher whose coming was prophesied in the Old Testament. They replied that he was only the son of Joseph, and they knew all his family. In fact, they said, his mother and brothers and sisters were right there in their midst. The idea of his claiming to be a great prophet! And in their anger they drove him out of the town, resolved to throw him over a precipice.

But when they reached the place they dared not do the dreadful deed. There was something about him which filled them with awe. And quietly he passed out of their midst.

For a year or more Jesus went about in Galilee, teaching all who would listen, and, the Gospels tell us, "the common people heard him gladly."

Then the voice of God bade him go south, and proclaim his message in Jerusalem. He knew that if he appeared in Jerusalem the priests and Pharisees would kill him. But steadfastly he set his face to do God's will, caring for nothing else.

He approached the city of Jerusalem one bright Sunday. "And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount of Olives, he sendeth two of his disciples, and saith unto them, Go your way into the village that is over against you. And straightway as ye enter into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him and bring him. And if any one say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye, The Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him back hither.

"And they went away, and found a colt tied at the door without in the street: and they loose him. And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What

do ye, loosing the colt? And they said unto them even as Jesus had said. And they let them go.

“And they bring the colt unto Jesus, and cast on him their garments; and he sat upon him. And many spread their garments upon the way; and others branches, which they had cut from the fields. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

Thus Jesus of Nazareth entered Jerusalem. “Praise to God! Praise to God!” the people shouted; “blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.” Then “some of the Pharisees from the multitude” became angry “and said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples. And he answered and said, I tell you that, if these shall hold their peace, the very stones will cry out.”

One day, soon after this triumphant arrival in Jerusalem, Jesus went into the temple. He found the beautiful court within the temple walls filled with sheep and oxen and doves and the men who were trying to sell them. The Jews still offered sacrifices just as Moses and as Samuel had done centuries before them. The merchants who sold the animals for sacrifice had turned the sacred temple into a great salesroom where they sat at tables, calling out their wares and taking in their money.

What did Jesus do when he saw this sight! He made a whip of small cords and with that in his hand drove the men and the sheep and the oxen, pell-mell, out of the temple court, back into the street. He poured out the merchants' money and overturned their tables and said: “Take these things hence. Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.”

It was a splendid scene, Jesus in his rough peasant's clothes, driving that throng of men and animals away

from the holy temple. God was with him and his power was irresistible.

In Jerusalem he taught the people as in Galilee, telling them the Pharisees and priests were wrong, and they must now obey God's new laws which he, Jesus, was giving them. This made the priests very angry. If the people turned away from them they would lose their leadership and their wealth. Again and again they tried to kill Jesus. But each time he escaped from them.

At last they made a bargain with Judas Iscariot, one of Jesus' disciples, to show them where he went at night. They were afraid to arrest him in the daytime for the people loved him and listened to his words and believed him to be a true prophet. Each night he went out of the city and they did not know where to find him. Judas knew of their plot and he went to the priests and told them he would take them to Jesus. To do this dreadful deed they were to pay Judas thirty pieces of silver.

The night of the betrayal Jesus and his twelve disciples ate supper together in the upper room of a little house in Jerusalem. Jesus was their teacher, their Master, yet at this supper he served the others as though he had been their servant. As he passed them the bread he said to them: "This is my body." And as they drank the wine, he said: "This is my blood." He meant that with the food and the wine he gave them his love and his teachings which were himself. This little ceremony in the last meal has always been called the Lord's Supper.

When the meal was nearly over he exclaimed: "Verily I say unto you that one of you shall betray me." Then turning to Judas he said: "What thou doest, do quickly."

At this Judas rose and went out into the night.

He loved the thirty pieces of silver which the priests had offered him more than he loved his Master and his soul.

“When he therefore was gone out, Jesus saith, Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me; and as I said to the Jews, so now I say to you, Whither I go ye cannot come. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

“Simon Peter saith unto him. Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered, Whither I go thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards. Peter saith unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee even now? I will lay down my life for thee. Jesus answereth, Wilt thou lay down thy life for me? Verily I say unto thee, that thou today, even this night, before the cock crow twice, shalt deny me thrice. But Peter spake exceeding vehemently, If I must die for thee, I will not deny thee. And in like manner so said they all.”

And when they had sung a hymn he went forth with his disciples unto a garden called Gethsemane into which he entered, himself and his disciples. There he went a little apart from the others to pray. He knew the moment of his betrayal was drawing near. “And he was parted from them about a stone’s cast; and he kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father if thou be willing remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. Then he cometh unto his disciples and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.” But it was late in the night and the disciples were tired and instead of praying they went back to sleep.

Again Jesus came to them from his prayer, and waked them and urged them to pray, for a mighty temptation was coming to them. But again they went to sleep.

The third time he returned he said, with infinite tenderness: "Sleep on now and take your rest."

Suddenly in the darkness they heard a noise. A crowd of soldiers, armed with swords and staves and with lanterns in their hands were pressing toward them in search of Jesus. Judas was at the head of the group.

"Arise," said Jesus to the disciples, "he that betrayeth me is at hand."

Judas stepped up to Jesus and said, "Hail, Master!" and kissed him. He had said to the soldiers, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is he: take him." Quietly Jesus received the kiss of betrayal, his love for Judas never changing. "Friend," said he, "do that for which thou art come." With his perfect love he called the man who betrayed him his friend.

One of the disciples drew his sword and started to defend Jesus. But the Master said to him: "Put up again thy sword into its sheath: for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

At that a panic of fear entered into the hearts of the disciples and they all turned and fled, leaving Jesus alone with his enemies.

They hurried him back to Jerusalem, to a trial held in the middle of the night. He was carried before an assembly of Jewish priests who were waiting for him. This imposing group was called the Sanhedrin, or Council.

"Art thou the Messiah?" they asked him.

In simple majesty, Jesus replied, "I am."

"What does this peasant mean by calling himself our Messiah?" they said to one another. "When

our Messiah comes he will be a king like David. He will come with thousands of soldiers and will set up a world empire. Away with this man who says he is our Messiah!"

They did not know that within the body of Jesus there dwelt a spirit more powerful than David in all his splendor. They did not realize that Jesus, through his teaching, would build a kingdom called Christendom, and would establish a vaster empire than any of which they could dream. So in their blindness and ignorance they condemned their Messiah to death.

The Roman governor, Pilate, confirmed their verdict and pronounced sentence. He was afraid of displeasing them. And the next day they crucified their divine teacher, the Christ whom God had sent to them.

But where were the disciples all this time that Jesus stood before the Sanhedrin? As we know, they fled away when the soldiers surrounded him. Peter, afar off, turned back and followed the crowd into the house where they took his Master. He did not go to Jesus, but stopped in the outer room and warmed his hands by the fire. The night was cold.

"And a certain maid, seeing Peter as he sat in the light of the fire, and looking steadfastly upon him, said, This man also was with him. But he denied, saying, Woman, I know him not. And after a little while another saw him, and said, Thou also art one of them. But Peter said, Man, I am not. And after the space of about one hour another confidently affirmed, saying, Of a truth this man also was with him: for he is a Galilean. But Peter said, Man, I know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he yet spoke, the cock crew. And Jesus turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of

Jesus how he said unto him, Before the cock crow this day, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly."

The morning following the arrest the Jews crucified Jesus. They nailed him to a cross. On either side of him they placed a thief, whom they also crucified. Jesus' love for his enemies never failed: even though they killed him he loved them. Just before his death he breathed a prayer for his persecutors, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

HOW JESUS' DISCIPLES BECAME HEROES

CHAPTER XV

HOW JESUS' DISCIPLES BECAME HEROES

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I

“AND after these things Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, asked of Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took away his body. And there came also Nicodemus, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes. So they took the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the custom of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new tomb wherein was never man yet laid. There then they laid Jesus.”

This all happened on Friday. Before sundown the friends of Jesus left the garden, for the Jewish Sabbath began at sunset on Friday and lasted until sunset on Saturday, and nothing could be done during those hours. The next evening, when the Sabbath was over, these same men probably returned and carried Jesus' body away to its final resting place.

But what, now, was to become of Jesus' teaching, of his plan to save the world? Was it all to disappear and had he lived and died for nothing?

No indeed, for Jesus was God's Messiah and God's plans for the world cannot fail.

For the first two days after the crucifixion the little band of followers was overwhelmed with fear and discouragement. But on the morning of the third day something happened which made them into very different people.

Three of the women who had believed in Jesus saw a resplendent vision. Some say Mary Magdalene was the first to see it. Some think the women all saw it together. These women went out to the garden to the tomb where they knew Jesus' body had been laid. There in the garden, instead of finding the body of their Master as they had expected, Jesus himself appeared to them, — a wonderful, spiritual Jesus, whom only the eyes of the spirit could see. And he spoke to them and told them not to be afraid, for he was with them just as much as before his crucifixion. Then they realized that it did not matter what the Jews might do to his body, Jesus' spirit they could not touch.

Their sorrow was changed into joy. They ran back to Jerusalem and found the disciples and told them the good news. Soon they, too, realized that no one could kill a divine Master like Jesus. No one could touch his spirit. Nothing could hurt his teachings. What if the soldiers did crucify his body; his spirit and his gospel, his love and his sayings would spread and grow until they conquered the world.

Then courage and hope came into the minds of the disciples. Christ's strength entered into their wills, his love into their hearts.

It was such a wonderful morning, that on which the disciples discovered that their Christ was living, that all over the Christian world it is celebrated. We call it Easter and on that day sing songs of joy because our Christ is immortal.

The disciples now resolved to devote their lives to

the spreading of Christ's teaching through the world. They met together often in those first days. Perhaps they met in the upper room of some little house; maybe the meeting place was outside the city. They prayed together that God would give them the Christlike spirit to strengthen them. And Jesus appeared to them in wonderful visions and their faith and courage became unshakeable.

One day as they prayed together the Holy Spirit of God came upon them with the force of a rushing, mighty wind. A divine light appeared in the room and breaking, hung like a tongue of fire over each of them. And God cleansed their hearts of all selfishness and filled them with a love like the Christ's.

Up to this time they had held their meetings in great secrecy for fear of the Jews. But after this experience they went forth into the streets of Jerusalem and began teaching Jesus' message. They were so happy and spoke with such power that on that very day hundreds of people were converted to Jesus' teaching. We call this day the Day of Pentecost. On this day the eleven disciples became heroes. Their love for the Christ made them strong enough to walk in his footsteps, fearless of what the Pharisees and priests might do to them.

The disciples now had but one thought. How might they spread the glad tidings of Jesus throughout the whole world? They were only a little band, and the task was immense. But they entered the campaign with all their heart and soul and strength. Jesus, their captain, was leading them on. Whom should they fear? For his sake they would fight a good fight.

After the day of Pentecost they separated in order that they might travel to different places and tell many people about Christ. They were now called apostles, which means teachers.

Jesus had said to them: "I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves. But take nothing for your journey; neither staff nor purse nor bread nor money; neither two coats." God clothes the wild flowers and feeds the birds. How much more would he feed and clothe his apostles!

When they entered a village they would go to the home of some one who seemed good and spiritual. They would tell the people there the glad tidings of Christ's law of love. If they were invited to remain they would stay in that house and from there teach the Gospel to all who would listen. They did not remain long in any one place, perhaps only a few days. Then they would go to the next village with their joyous message. They won many converts, both men and women. Some of these became apostles too, and they also started out to travel and teach.

The Book of Acts which contains many stories of the apostles' adventures tells us that one day "an angel of the Lord" said to Philip, who was one of the twelve disciples: "Set out on a journey southwards, along the road that runs down from Jerusalem to Gaza."

"So Philip set out on a journey; and on his way he came upon an official of high rank, in the service of Candace, Queen of the Abyssinians. He was her Treasurer, and had been to Jerusalem to worship, and was now on his way home, sitting in his carriage and reading the Prophet Isaiah. The Spirit said to Philip:

"Go up to the carriage yonder and keep close to it."

"So Philip ran up, and he heard the Abyssinian reading the Prophet Isaiah.

"Do you understand what you are reading?" he asked.

"How can I," the other answered, "unless some one will explain it to me?" and he invited Philip to get up

and sit by his side. The passage of Scripture which he was reading was this:

“‘Like a sheep he was led away to his slaughter,
And as a lamb is dumb in the hands of its shearer,
So he refrains from opening his lips.
In his lowly condition justice was denied him.
Who will tell the story of his generation?
For his life is cut off from earth.’

“‘Now,’ said the Treasurer, addressing Philip, ‘tell me, of whom is the Prophet speaking? Of himself, or of someone else?’

“Then Philip began, and, taking this passage as his text, told him the Good News about Jesus. Presently, as they were going along the road, they came to some water, and the Treasurer exclaimed:

“‘Look! here is water; what is to prevent my being baptized?’

“So he ordered the carriage to stop, and they went down into the water—both Philip and the Treasurer—and Philip baptized him.”

II. THE HEROIC TEACHING OF THE APOSTLES

Now Peter and John stayed in Jerusalem to teach there. “One day, as they were going up into the Temple Courts for the three o’clock Prayers, a man, who had been lame from his birth, was being carried by. This man used to be set down every day at the gate of the Temple, called ‘the Beautiful Gate,’ to beg of those who went in. Seeing Peter and John on the point of entering, he asked them to give him something. Peter fixed his eyes on him, and so did John, and then Peter said: ‘Look at us.’

“The man was all attention, expecting to get something from them; but Peter added:

“‘I have no gold or silver, but I give you what I have. In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth I bid you walk.’

“Grasping the lame man by the right hand, Peter lifted him up. Instantly the man’s feet and ankles became strong, and, leaping up, he stood and began to walk about, and then went with them into the Temple Courts, walking, and leaping, and praising God. All the people saw him walking about and praising God; and, when they recognized him as the man who used to sit begging at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, they were utterly astonished and amazed at what had happened to him.”

On seeing their astonishment, Peter said to the people: “Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this man? or why fasten ye your eyes on us, as though by our own power or godliness we had made him to walk? It is faith in the name of Jesus, the very Guide to Life, whom ye put to death, that hath given this man perfect soundness in the presence of you all.”

“While Peter and John were still speaking to the people, the Chief Priests came up to them, much annoyed because they were teaching the people. They arrested the Apostles and, as it was already evening, had them placed in custody till the next day. Many, however, of those who heard the Apostles’ message became believers in Christ, the number of the men alone amounting to about five thousand.”

The following morning the priests and the leading men of Jerusalem gathered together, and commanded Peter and John to be brought before them. The lame man whom the apostles had healed was also brought in.

“By what power,” they asked, “or in whose name have men like you done this thing?”

At this question, Peter, filled with the Holy Spirit,

made a wonderful address,—Peter, who only a few weeks before had deserted Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane and had declared three times, on the night of Jesus' trial, that he did not know him! Now he stood before the great Sanhedrin, the same group of men who had crucified Jesus. And he said to them: "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth whom ye crucified, whom God hath raised from the dead, even in him doth this lame man stand here before you whole." Was not Peter's transformation more wonderful, even, than the healing of the lame man? John, too, was as brave as Peter.

"When the Council saw how boldly Peter and John spoke, and found that they were uneducated men of humble station, they were surprised, and realized that they had been companions of Jesus. But, when they looked at the man who had been healed, standing there with them, they had nothing to say. So they ordered them out of court, and then began consulting together.

"What are we to do with these men?" they asked one another.

"That a remarkable sign has been given through them is obvious to everyone living in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it. But, to prevent this thing from spreading further among the people, let us warn them not to speak in this Name any more to anyone whatever."

"So they called the Apostles in, and ordered them not to speak or teach in the Name of Jesus. But Peter and John replied: 'We cannot help speaking of what we have seen and heard.'"

The priests set them at liberty. They did not dare do them any injury at that time, for fear of the people. And Peter and John went back among the people and continued to teach with great joy and courage.

“The people were full of their praise, and still larger numbers, both of men and women, as they became believers in the Lord, were added to their number. The consequence was that people would bring out their sick even into the streets, and lay them on mattresses and mats, in the hope that, as Peter came by, at least his shadow might fall on some one of them. Besides this, the inhabitants of the towns round Jerusalem flocked into the city, bringing with them their sick, and they were cured every one.”

Then the High Priest became very angry. And he had Peter and John arrested again and put into prison. In the night, however, in some way which we do not understand, the apostles escaped. When the day dawned there they were in the court of the temple, teaching.

Then the Chief Priests sent their soldiers to the temple and had them arrested for the third time and brought them before the Sanhedrin to be tried.

“Why,” they asked, “when we strictly charged you not to teach in this Name have you filled all Jerusalem with your teaching?”

Fearlessly Peter replied: “We must obey God rather than men. God raised up Jesus to be a prince and savior, whom ye slew, hanging him on a cross.”

At these words the priests were minded to slay them. “But Gamaliel, a Pharisee, who was a Doctor of the Law and who was held in universal respect, rose in the Council, and directed that the men should be taken out of court for a little while.” When they were gone he told the Council that many false prophets had arisen in Palestine. But in a short time they and their followers had disappeared. “‘And,’ said Gamaliel, ‘my advice to you is not to interfere with these men, but to let them alone, for, if their designs and their work are merely of human origin, they will come

to an end; but, if they are of divine origin, you will be powerless to put an end to them — or else you may find yourselves fighting against God!"

The Council took his advice, for Gamaliel had high standing among them. They called the apostles to them, beat them, and charged them not to speak in the Name of Jesus, and let them go.

Peter and John left the Council rejoicing that they had been permitted to suffer for the sake of their Master. Had he not said to them: "Blessed are you when men shall persecute you for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." And every day in the temple and at home they ceased not to preach Jesus as the Messiah.

Now there was a young man in Jerusalem named Stephen who had become a believer in Christ. He also was teaching the people with wonderful power. One day when he was teaching, some of the enemies of the Cause began to argue with him. Stephen answered their questions so wisely that they were unable to reply. This made them very angry, to think that they had been silenced before all the people. They had Stephen arrested and brought before the Council. They paid witnesses to make false charges against him. After listening to these false charges the High Priest said to Stephen: "Is this true?"

Then Stephen, standing before the great Council replied to the High Priest. He was strong and fearless, filled with God's Holy Spirit. He told them how God had sent many prophets to the Hebrew people, Abraham, Moses, and others. How the people had persecuted each prophet when he tried to teach them. And when at last, Jesus, the Messiah, had come they had crucified him.

"And now," cried Stephen, his face shining like

that of an angel, his eyes gazing steadfastly into heaven, "I see the heavens opened and Jesus, the Son of Man, standing on the right hand of God."

At these words, beside themselves with rage, the priests rushed upon Stephen. They drove him outside the city and began to stone him.

As they were stoning him to death Stephen kneeled down and prayed to God for his persecutors, saying with a loud voice: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." "And when he had said this," says our Bible, "he fell asleep." Thus he died like his Master, praying for his enemies.

"On that very day a great persecution broke out against the Church which was in Jerusalem; and its members, with the exception of the Apostles, were scattered."

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL

CHAPTER XVI

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL

I. HOW SAUL BECAME PAUL

WHEN the mob stoned Stephen they took off their long cloaks and laid them at the feet of a young man named Saul. And Saul stood by, watching the mob and approving what they did.

Saul was a Jew. He had been educated by the Jewish Pharisees and priests in their very best schools. He, too, was determined to stamp out the teachings of Jesus, and he led the persecutions which followed the stoning of Stephen. He entered one house after another, dragged out both men and women, and threw them into prison.

Not content with persecuting the Christians in Jerusalem he decided to go to the city of Damascus to see if he could find any followers of Jesus there. And he went to the High Priest and asked him for letters giving him permission to arrest anyone he found in Damascus who believed that Jesus was the Messiah. His plan was to have these people put in chains and brought to Jerusalem. There they would be thrown into prison.

With the High Priest's letters in his pocket Saul started out to cross the mountains and deserts which lay between Jerusalem and Damascus.

His journey was almost ended and he was drawing near to Damascus, when suddenly, in the silence of the desert, a wonderful thing happened:

"There shone round about him a light out of heaven; and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto

him, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' And he said, 'Who art thou, Lord?' The voice answered, 'I am Jesus, whom thou art persecuting. But arise and go into the city and you will be told what you must do.'

"When Saul got up from the ground, though his eyes were open, he could see nothing. So his men led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus; and for three days he was unable to see, and took nothing to eat or to drink.

"Now there was at Damascus a disciple named Ananias, to whom, in a vision, the Lord said: 'Ananias.'

"'Yes, Lord,' he answered.

"'Go at once,' said the Lord, 'to the Straight Street, and ask at Judas' house for a man named Saul, from Tarsus. He is at this moment praying, and he has seen, in a vision, a man named Ananias coming in and placing his hands on him, so that he may recover his sight.'

"'Lord,' exclaimed Ananias, 'I have heard from many people about this man—how much harm he has done at Jerusalem to your people there. And, here, too, he holds authority from the Chief Priests to put in chains all those who invoke your Name.'

"But the Lord said to him: 'Go, for this man is my chosen instrument to uphold my Name before the Gentiles and their kings, and the people of Israel. I will myself show him all that he has to suffer for my Name.'

"So Ananias went, entered the house, and, placing his hands on Saul, said:

"'Saul, my brother, I have been sent by the Lord—by Jesus, who appeared to you on your way here—so that you may recover your sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit.'

"Instantly, it seemed as if a film fell from Saul's eyes, and his sight was restored. Then he got up and was

baptized, and, after he had taken food, he felt his strength return.

"Saul stayed for some days with the disciples who were at Damascus, and at once began in the Synagogues to proclaim Jesus as the Son of God. All who heard him were amazed.

"'Is not this,' they asked, 'the man who worked havoc in Jerusalem among those that invoke this Name, and who had also come here for the express purpose of having such persons put in chains and taken before the Chief Priests?'

"Saul's influence, however, kept steadily increasing, and he confounded the Jews who lived in Damascus by the proofs that he gave that Jesus was the Christ.

"After some time the Jews laid a plot to kill Saul, but it became known to him. They even watched the gates day and night, to kill him; but his disciples let him down by night through an opening in the wall, lowering him in a basket.

"On his arrival in Jerusalem, Saul attempted to join the disciples, but they were all afraid of him, as they did not believe that he was really a disciple. Barnabas, however, taking him by the hand, brought him to the Apostles, and told them the whole story of how Saul on his journey had seen the Lord, and how the Lord had talked to him, and how in Damascus he had spoken out fearlessly in the Name of Jesus, talking and arguing with the Jews of foreign birth, who, however, made attempts to kill him."

After these happenings Saul went away, out into the Arabian desert. He wanted to be alone to think about his wonderful vision and the change which had come over him. He found that instead of hating people he now loved them; instead of wanting to kill the Christians because they believed in the Christ,

he, too, believed in the Christ and longed to teach his Gospel.

The persecutor Saul was a new man. He even changed his name so he would have nothing left of the old life. From this time he was called, not Saul, but Paul.

After a while he came back to Palestine and went down to Jerusalem. He wanted to see Peter and talk with him about Jesus. There in Jerusalem he found Peter and with him was James, Jesus' brother, who was now a disciple. They probably told him many stories about Jesus' life on earth; how they had loved to walk with him over the hills of Galilee; how they ate their frugal meals with him; how he lived in the light of God's presence; how he was crucified, and how his teachings would conquer the world.

After staying in Jerusalem a few days Paul started north, to tell the good news of Jesus' life and teachings and to summon the people to the new Kingdom. He was like a man with a handful of diamonds. "Come," he cried to the people, "take some of my treasures. They will make you joyous and happy. The diamonds of love and purity which I offer to you will make you rich in this world and in the worlds to come."

Paul longed to tell many people in many places about the wonderful life of the Christ. So, after teaching in Palestine he decided to go to Greece. He had lived in the Greek city of Tarsus when he was a boy and he knew how wicked and selfish the Greeks and Romans had become. He had seen the men and women, the girls and the boys gather to watch the gladiators fight with wild beasts in the arena. He knew how these people would kill thousands of beautiful nightingales and serve their tongues at their banquets. The way to help them was to tell them about

Jesus. Whoever followed his teachings would be changed, even as Paul himself had been changed.

Paul was but one man and there were millions of people to be told the glad tidings. But he did not have to work alone. He was God's apostle and God would not let him fail.

II. EUROPE'S GREATEST CONQUEROR

So Paul started out to tell the Roman world about Jesus. A young man named Barnabas went with him. The apostle Mark also travelled with him for a while.

There were many Jews living in the cities of Greece and Asia Minor. They had their own synagogues where they held their meetings. When Paul arrived in a Roman city he would go to the Jewish synagogue when a meeting was to be held. When an opportunity came he would stand up and begin to speak. First he would tell how Moses and the prophets had come to the Hebrews in the past, and would remind the people of all that the prophets had done for them. Then he would tell about Jesus and would close with the joyous words: "Today the greatest of all the prophets, God's Messiah, has appeared. He lived down in Palestine. He was crucified. But now he is risen and rules in glory, the king of the hearts of those who love him."

When he spoke thus some of the Jews listened with gladness. Others turned on him in fury. Could a carpenter be their king? they would cry. And they would throw Paul out of the synagogue.

He would then gather together the few people whose hearts were receptive and pure. Perhaps a dozen of them would meet in someone's home. There he would tell them more about Jesus and would encourage them to become Christians. As they listened to his

words God's Holy Spirit would enter their hearts, also. And soon they would tell the good news to their neighbors.

Paul would then go to the next city. He would speak in the synagogue there in the same way; and the people whose hearts were softened would listen with joy.

Soon, however, Jews from the city he had just left would come and set the multitude against him; and they would attack him and perhaps stone him out of the town. He would go on his way, rejoicing that he could suffer something for the sake of his beloved Christ.

In their journeying Paul and Barnabas arrived at the town of Lystra in Asia Minor. Paul gathered a group of people around him, in the street, and began speaking to them. Then, the book of Acts tells us, a surprising thing happened:

"In the streets of Lystra there used to sit a man who had no power in his feet; he had been lame from his birth, and had never walked. This man was listening to Paul speaking, when Paul, fixing his eyes on him, and seeing that he had the faith to be healed, said loudly: 'Stand upright on your feet.'

"The man leaped up and began walking about, and the crowd, seeing what Paul had done, called out in the Lycaonian language: 'The gods have made themselves like men and have come down to us.'"

The people of Asia Minor believed that there were many gods. They even had names for them all. They now said Paul was Mercury and Barnabas was Jupiter. And they ran and brought oxen and garlands of flowers, intending to offer sacrifices before them.

When the two apostles heard of their intentions Paul cried out in great distress: "Friends, why are

you doing this? We are only men like yourselves, and we have come with the Good News that you should turn away from these follies to the living God." And he told them how Jesus had come to the world to make God known to men. But even then he could hardly restrain the people from offering sacrifices to them, so wonderful in their eyes was the healing of the lame man.

Soon, however, all was changed. Jews from the cities which the apostles had just left came on to Lystra and told the people that Paul was an imposter. And this same crowd which had declared Paul and Barnabas were gods come down from the skies turned upon them and stoned them. Sorely indeed did these people need Jesus' teaching of love.

They thought Paul was killed and they carried him outside the city and left him there, some of those who believed in him remaining with him.

But Paul was filled with the Holy Spirit of Christ. God healed him, and he arose and went back into the city. He feared nothing on earth because he was Christ's apostle.

In this way, in spite of stoning and many other persecutions, Paul and his companions travelled from city to city. In each town they found a little group of people who believed them. We call these groups the first Christian churches.

At last, Paul, Christ's general, crossed the Hellespont and started out to conquer Europe. Two young men, Timothy and Silas, were his army. Their king was the invisible Christ. They wore the full armor of God, that shining armor whose belt is truth, whose breastplate is righteousness, whose shoes are the glad tidings of peace, whose shield is faith, whose helmet is the hope of the salvation of the world, whose sword is the Holy Spirit flaming bright in the word of God. With these

invincible weapons they began the conquest of the western world.

Philippi, in Macedonia, was the first halting place of the little army. There, on the Sabbath day, they went outside the city gate and spoke to a group of women by the side of the river. One of these women was named Lydia. God had touched her heart and she gave heed to the things which were spoken by Paul. She believed him and became a Christian. She invited the apostles to stay at her home in Philippi.

When they had been in Philippi a short time a strange thing happened. While they were teaching, a girl half out of her mind would shout and distract the audience. At last one day Paul, the spirit of God shining in his eyes, looked at her and, in the Name of Christ, bade her be quiet. Immediately her mind was made whole.

Now there were some men who pretended that the girl could tell fortunes. They took money from people who wanted to hear what she said. When Paul healed her she would not tell fortunes any more. This made these men angry. She would now make no more money for them. So this is what they did:

"They seized Paul and Silas, dragged them into the public square, and took them before the magistrates. After beating them severely the magistrates put them in the gaol, with orders to the governor of the prison to keep them in safe custody. On receiving so strict an order, the governor put them into the inner cell and secured their feet in the stocks.

"About midnight, while Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns to God, and while the prisoners were listening to them, suddenly there was an earthquake of such violence that the gaol was shaken to its foundations; all the doors flew open, and all the prisoners' chains were loosened. Roused from his

sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, the governor drew his sword intending to kill himself, in the belief that the prisoners had escaped. But Paul called out loudly:

“‘Do not harm yourself, we are all here.’

“Calling for a light, the governor rushed in, and flung himself trembling at the feet of Paul and Silas. Then he led them out, and said:

“‘What must I do to be saved?’

“‘Believe in Jesus, our Lord,’ they replied, ‘and you shall be saved, you and your household too.’

“Then they spoke to him of God’s message, and to all his household as well. And that very hour of the night he took them and washed their wounds, and he himself and everyone belonging to him were baptized without delay. Afterwards he took them up to his house and set before them something to eat, rejoicing that he, with all his household, had come to believe in God.”

In the morning the magistrates set them free. After going to the home of Lydia and talking a while with those who had become believers they left Philippi and went on to the next town.

At last Paul arrived at the beautiful city of Athens in Greece. “His heart was stirred at seeing the whole city full of idols. So he argued in the Synagogue with the Jews and with those who joined their worship, as well as daily in the public square with those who happened to be there.” In his talk he told them about the Christ.

There were many learned men in Athens, called philosophers. They used to sit and argue and argue with one another and think they had time for nothing else. When they heard that Paul had something new to tell they sent and had him brought to them so they could hear about it.

Paul took his stand before them and made a splendid address. He told them that in going about the city of Athens he had come upon an altar with this inscription upon it,—“TO AN UNKNOWN GOD.” Now he wanted to tell them about this unknown God for he was the only God, and the gods they worshipped were idols. Then he told how a son of God, the Christ, had come to earth and lived and taught in Palestine.

When he finished, most of them jeered and laughed at him. But a few believed what he said and became Christians.

To be laughed at made no more difference to Paul than to be stoned. He continued to teach those who would listen to him. Then he left Athens and went to Corinth.

Up to this time Paul had stayed in each town but a short while. But in Corinth he found so many people who believed his message that he stayed there for a year and a half, teaching every day.

Another place where he stayed for some time was the city of Ephesus in Asia Minor. In both these cities he started splendid churches. So many people came to believe in him in Ephesus that one day they gathered up all their books which taught things they now knew were wrong and burned them in a great bonfire in the street. They afterwards counted up what they had paid for these books and found it amounted to fifty thousand pieces of silver. (About \$25,000.)

But at last Paul had trouble in Ephesus. The people there thought there was a goddess, named Diana, who ruled over the city. The jewelers, or silversmiths as they were called, made little silver images of Diana and sold them to the Ephesians, who worshipped these idols. Paul told them there was no

such person as Diana. They believed Paul and stopped buying these silver idols. Soon so many believed him that the silversmiths had nearly lost their trade.

This made them very angry; their business was being ruined. So one day they all ran out into the street together and began shouting, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Soon the city was filled with confusion. The people rushed with one accord into the theater and seized Paul's companions and dragged them along. Paul tried to go in where all this was happening, but the other disciples would not let him. In the theater some were shouting one thing and some another, for the crowd was all in confusion, most of those present not even knowing why they had come together. A Jew named Alexander pushed to the front and waved his hand to show that he wanted to speak. But when they recognized him as a Jew they would not listen to him. One cry broke from them all, and they continued shouting for about the space of two hours: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

What they did to Paul we do not know; but at last the magistrates quieted the crowd, and Paul left the city.

Thus he travelled from city to city in Asia Minor and southern Europe. Sometimes he went alone. Sometimes he had two or three companions. Everywhere he went he told the story of Jesus' life and his teaching about God. Hundreds of people believed him and became Christians. They had never seen Jesus. They had no books to read. They had nothing but Paul's word that his story was true. But Paul was radiant with love and joy. The spirit of the Christ shone in his face and strengthened his words. And those who were pure in heart knew that he spoke God's message to them.

III. THE SHIPWRECKED PRISONER

After many years spent in telling the people of Greece and Asia Minor the good news of Christ's kingdom, Paul decided to return to Jerusalem. Before setting out he visited once more the cities where he had started churches. He wanted to say farewell to all his friends, for he might never return to see them.

First he went to Troas. There the Christians gathered one Sunday evening in the third-story room of a house to have supper with their beloved teacher. Paul, full of the message he had for them, talked until midnight. Most of them listened eagerly. But a young man who was sitting in the window was overcome by the heat of the room and went to sleep. No sooner had he fallen asleep than he tumbled out of the window, down to the ground below. They all ran downstairs thinking he was killed. But Paul, putting his arms around him said: "Make ye no ado, for his life is in him." And they took the lad away alive, and were not a little comforted.

The rest of the little band followed Paul back upstairs, where he continued to talk to them until the day broke. With the rising of the sun he departed, so strong in spirit that he walked all the fifteen miles to Assos. From there he sailed to Miletus.

At Miletus a group of people from his strong church in Ephesus came down to say their good-bye. Paul gave them a beautiful talk. "Behold," he said, "I go under the constraint of the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there save that the Holy Spirit plainly declares to me that in every city bonds and afflictions await me. And now, behold I know that ye shall see my face no more." When he had spoken these words he knelt down and prayed. "All were in tears; and throwing their arms

round Paul's neck, they kissed him again and again, grieving most of all over what he said—that they would never see his face again. Then they escorted him to the ship."

When Paul and his party landed at Cæsarea on the coast of Palestine his friends plead with him not to go on to Jerusalem. If the Jews had persecuted him in the cities of the West, they argued, what would they do to him in Jerusalem, their home! But Paul replied: "I am ready not only to be bound, but even to suffer death at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

He had been in Jerusalem but a week when disaster befell him. He went one day to worship in the Temple and there some of the Jews who had been his enemies in western Asia saw him. Immediately they began to shout and quickly stirred up a mob against him. And the people ran together and they laid hold on Paul and dragged him out of the temple. Just as they were seeking to kill him word came to the chief captain that all Jerusalem was in confusion. The captain hurried to the spot and rescued him, and asked what he had done. Some of the people shouted one thing, some another. So the captain took him prisoner. On the way to prison Paul obtained permission to address the angry crowd. He told them the beautiful story of his conversion on the road to Damascus. But as soon as he said that Christ had chosen him to teach the Gentiles they became furious again and all shouted together: "Away with this fellow from off the earth, for it is not meet that he should live!"

The next day Paul was brought before the High Priest and the Jewish Council for his trial. But in the midst of trying him they began to argue with one another over something he said about Christ's resurrection. There arose such a great clamor that the

captain, fearing lest Paul should be torn to pieces by them, carried him off to prison.

While he was safe in the prison a number of Jews, more than forty, made a vow that they would not eat or drink anything until they had killed Paul. Their plot was to attack him when he was on his way to the Council for another trial. Paul heard of the plot and told the captain. So the captain sent him off, in the night, to Cæsarea.

At Cæsarea he was kept in prison for two years. The Roman governor, Felix, said that he could not see that he had done anything wrong. Still, to please the Jews, who said he was "a pestilent fellow," Felix refused to release him.

At last Paul asked to be sent to Rome, to be tried by the Emperor. This request the governor was obliged to grant because Paul was a Roman citizen. There was a law that if a Roman citizen asked to be sent to Rome to be tried, his petition must be granted.

So Paul was sent as a prisoner to Italy. He had an ocean voyage full of adventure. All went well at first. But after they had passed the island of Crete there arose a terrible storm. To save the ship they began throwing the freight overboard. The third day of the storm they cast the ship's tackle and furnishings into the sea. For several days and nights the tempest was so black that they saw neither sun nor stars. At last all hope of being saved was given up.

They were very weary and had gone a long time without food. It was then that Paul came forward and said: "My friends, I urge you not to lose courage, for there will not be a single life lost among you, only the ship. Therefore, courage, my friends: for I believe in God."

"It was now the fourteenth night of the storm,

and we were drifting about in the Adriatic Sea, when, about midnight, the sailors began to suspect that they were drawing near land. So they took soundings, and found twenty fathoms of water. After waiting a little, they took soundings again, and found fifteen fathoms. Then, as they were afraid of our being driven upon some rocky coast, they let go four anchors from the stern, and longed for daylight. The sailors wanted to leave the ship, and had lowered the boat, on pretence of running out anchors from the bows, when Paul said to the Roman officer and his men:

“‘Unless the sailors remain on board, you cannot be saved.’ Upon that the soldiers cut the ropes which held the boat, and let her drift away. In the interval before daybreak Paul kept urging them all to take something to eat.

“‘It is a fortnight today,’ he said, ‘that, owing to your anxiety, you have gone without food, taking nothing. So I urge you to take something to eat; your safety depends upon it, for not one of you will lose even a hair of his head.’

“With these words he took some bread, and, after saying the thanksgiving to God before them all, broke it in pieces, and began to eat; and the men all felt cheered and had something to eat themselves. There were about seventy-six of us on board, all told. After satisfying their hunger, they further lightened the ship by throwing the grain into the sea.

“When daylight came, they could not make out what land it was, but, observing a creek in which there was a beach, they consulted as to whether they could run the ship safely into it. Then they cast off, and abandoned the anchors, and at the same time unlashed the gear of the steering oars, hoisted the foresail to the wind, and made for the beach. They got, however, into a kind of channel, and there ran the ship

aground. The bows stuck fast and could not be moved, while the stern began breaking up under the strain. The advice of the soldiers was that the prisoners should be killed, for fear that any of them should swim away and make their escape. But the Roman officer, anxious to save Paul, prevented their carrying out their intention, and ordered that those who could swim should be the first to jump into the sea and try to reach the shore; and that the rest should follow, some on planks, and others on different pieces of the ship. In these various ways everyone managed to get safely ashore.

“When we were all safe, we found that the island was called Malta. The natives showed us marked kindness, for they lit a fire and took us all under shelter, because it had come on to rain and was cold. Paul had gathered a quantity of dry sticks and laid them on the fire, when a viper, driven out by the heat, fastened on his hand. When the natives saw the creature hanging from his hand, they said to one another:

“‘Evidently this man is a murderer, for, though he has been saved from the sea, Justice has not allowed him to live.’

“However, Paul shook the creature off into the fire, and took no harm. The natives were expecting inflammation to set in, or that he would suddenly fall dead; but, after waiting for a long time, and seeing that there was nothing amiss with him, they changed their minds and said that he was a god.”

After spending three months on the island the captain took Paul on to Rome. There the apostle was allowed to have his own house but, for safe keeping, he was chained to a soldier.

“For two whole years Paul stayed in a house which he rented for himself, welcoming all who came to see

him, proclaiming the Kingdom of God, and teaching about the Lord Jesus Christ, with perfect fearlessness, unmolested."

What happened at the end of the two years we do not know. Many believe that Paul with other Christians was martyred in the days of the emperor Nero.

Ever the brave soldier of Christ, Paul, after twenty years of persecution, stoning, and imprisonment wrote to his Christian friends at Philippi: "I have learned in whatsoever condition I am therein to be content."

As his life was nearing its end he wrote to his "true child in the faith," Timothy: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

AN HEROIC BROTHERHOOD

CHAPTER XVII

AN HEROIC BROTHERHOOD

PAUL and the apostles were Christ's adventurous generals. Their task was to establish little assemblies throughout the Roman empire, called churches. These churches would carry on the conquest of the world to God's new kingdom when the apostles had left this earth.

The churches were members of a divine fraternity. Their charter was Christ's Gospel. They took in rich and poor alike; anyone who wished might join. Even thieves and outcasts, if they repented their ways, were welcomed into this loving brotherhood.

The initiation was very simple. The candidate said, "I believe that Jesus is God's Christ." Then he was taken to a lake or a stream or to an indoor pool and baptized. As he was dipped beneath the water everyone prayed that his heart might be washed and made pure by the Holy Spirit. Often the person to be baptized would put on a spotless white robe. This was a way of showing that he longed to become holy through Jesus' teachings.

This fraternity had two beautiful secrets. First, God had sent to the world a beloved son, named Jesus, the Christ. His teachings and love were going to save the world. Second, some day in the future God would send a Christlike son again. This second secret they whispered to each other joyfully. And they prayed together for his coming.

In those early times the Christians so loved one another that they were like brothers and sisters of one

divine family, of one heart and soul. In the church at Jerusalem those who had lands or property sold them and gave the money to the Apostles. Every day the Apostles took a sum from this common fund and distributed it among the little band, giving to each according to his need. Thus there was no poverty among the early followers of Jesus, for the rich gladly shared their possessions with the poor. "He that seeth his brother hath need," they said, "and shutteth up his heart from his brother, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

In those days the members of Christ's fraternity had no chapter houses. So they met in someone's parlor or upstairs room. They would eat their supper together and pray that they might all become invincible soldiers in Jesus' army.

When the Romans began to attack and persecute them because they would not worship idols the Christians had to hide and hold their meetings in secret lest they be imprisoned and killed. One by one, when night came on, they would steal away through unfrequented streets to their meeting place which was often some stone quarry outside the city.

Those who lived near Rome cut tunnels down into the great rocks. Little by little they hewed rooms under the ground. Here they held their meetings. After a while they connected these different rooms with more underground tunnels. These places are called the catacombs. They are still shown to visitors. In these catacombs, far down in the ground, hundreds of Christians lived and sang their hymns. And as they prayed, the darkness of their caverns became glorious with God's presence.

The city of Cæsarea, near Jerusalem, was a place where many Christians lived. What must have been their consternation when one day the governor sent

out a decree that everyone who refused to worship the Roman idols would be killed!

Now there were three kinds of Christians. First, those who were very strong and brave, so brave that they were ready to die for their Christ at any moment. Second, those who longed to be brave, yet were, oh, so afraid that if they were taken to the executioner's stand they would not have the courage to die. And third, those who, when they were about to be killed denied the Christ and saved their lives. That was what the Roman persecutors demanded. If a Christian declared that he believed in the Roman idols and did not believe in Jesus they spared his life. This third kind were called apostates, or those who denied.

In Cæsarea there lived a girl named Dorothea. Her family belonged to the nobility of the city. She was gentle and frail and trembled at the thought of pain. She belonged to the second kind of Christians. Night and day she prayed that God would give her the courage to endure her martyrdom. She must not become an apostate!

At last, one day the soldiers came and carried her off. And Dorothea, serene and fearless, because of her prayers, went to her trial.

When the governor saw her he found he did not want to kill her, for she was very beautiful. Instead of sentencing her to death he ordered the soldiers to take her back to prison and sent word to the jailers to treat her kindly. Obeying this order they gave her some food which she gladly ate and then went to sleep.

In the midst of her slumbers she was awakened by the grating of the prison door. Two women stood before her with downcast faces. Dorothea was so brave and good they were ashamed to tell their errand. They were apostates and had come from the governor to offer her money if she would deny Christ.

She could hardly believe that her Christian sisters could be apostates. Yet she did not blame them. She said she, too, was weak and fearful. She prayed and prayed that God would make her strong and unafraid. Then she talked to them about Christ and the glorious kingdom he was to bring to the world. As they listened their courage and faith returned. Instead of urging her to accept the governor's money they went back with heads held high and told him they, too, were Christians. He ordered their execution and they were carried off. But this time they did not waver.

The governor had Dorothea brought before him again. He told her that if she would marry him he would spare her life, and would give her a palace and servants and gardens. Everything she could want would be hers. All she need do was to throw a tiny bit of incense on the altar of the Roman gods. Surely that was not much to ask, said he.

"I am the bride of Christ," replied Dorothea, "and am content with roses from the heavenly garden which fade not away."

For hours the governor argued with her. But Dorothea remained firm. She would not marry him and she would not worship the Roman idols.

At last, in a rage, he ordered her to be killed immediately. So she was led away, through the streets, to the executioner's stand. All the city had heard how the governor wanted to marry Dorothea and make her an apostate and a great crowd turned out to see the girl who would rather die than deny her faith.

A young man named Theophilus who had heard of her reply to the governor stepped up to her and tauntingly cried:

"Do not forget me, fair maiden, I pray thee, but

send me some of the fruit and flowers from the heavenly garden."

"Thy prayer is granted, O Theophilus," answered Dorothea.

It was sunset when they reached the scaffold. Dorothea knelt in prayer, And as she prayed there came to her a vision. She saw by her side a bright angel boy who carried on his arm a basket of roses and apples from the heavenly garden. She prayed that Theophilus also might see this vision. As she prayed her spirit was released from her body, like a bird from its cage, and flew away into God's kingdom of light.

That evening Theophilus was feasting with some gay Roman friends. As he sat at the table, the story says, suddenly the bright vision appeared to him also. He rose and left the table, remembering Dorothea and his words to her. He now realized that Dorothea spoke the truth and that the Christians had a spiritual food which the Romans knew not of. He longed to taste of this heavenly fruit. So he left his pagan friends and became a Christian.

In the year 175 A.D. a great persecution of the Christians broke out in the city of Lyons in France. France was at that time a part of the Roman empire. The rulers of Lyons hunted day and night for Christians. They crowded them in prisons and threw them into dungeons, there to await their execution. They arrested strong men and women, the leaders of the Christian brotherhood. They captured also the weak and the frail ones. They were determined to stamp out Christianity.

But the Christians, gathered together in the prisons, prayed through the long, dark hours for Christ's spirit to sustain them. The strong encouraged those who were fearful. And sometimes Christians who had not been captured voluntarily gave themselves up in order

that they might share their love and courage with their more timid brothers and sisters in the prison.

There were many heroes in this wonderful brotherhood at Lyons. But the bravest of them all was a little slave girl named Blandina.

Blandina was so frail that her mistress feared she could never stand any pain and would deny her faith if she were tortured. But when she saw the Roman officers taking her friends off to prison, she prayed more and more earnestly.

At last one day they found her, and she was carried to prison. They tortured her to make her turn apostate. But each time they hurt her little Blandina cried out: "I am a Christian. Men can do naught of evil against me!" Day after day they hurt her, determined to make her deny Christ. But Blandina was ever victorious and ever more radiant with God's Holy Spirit.

Seeing that they could not make her turn coward, the Romans had her taken into the arena with a number of other Christians to meet the wild beasts. All around the great amphitheater a vast crowd was gathered to see the Christians killed. When Blandina was led into the arena she knelt down on the sand and began to pray. As she prayed her face grew brighter and brighter, like the face of an angel. The other Christians in the arena formed a semi-circle about her. Gazing steadfastly on her radiant face she appeared to them almost like their Christ. Her glorious spirit seemed to enter into them, strengthening them to die like heroes.

All the soldiers of Christ's army who were in the arena that day were killed except this little captain, Blandina. As the wild beasts did not touch her, she was carried back to prison.

The next day they led her forth again, with another

group of Christians. And again, as the wild beasts rushed forward, she encouraged the others to die as true heroes. This day, when all her fellow soldiers had fallen beside her, Blandina, the invincible little captain, gave her life for her King. As she died a hush fell upon the wicked crowd of Roman spectators. "Where did she get this wonderful power?" they whispered in amazement.

The Christians seemed to be losers upon the arena when all of them were killed. Yet many a pagan, seeing how sublimely they died with the joy of heaven shining in their faces, began to inquire how it happened. Then, studying Christianity, these pagans became Christians.

Every martyrdom on the arena won, perhaps, a hundred new soldiers to Christ's army. Even when they appeared to lose, Blandina and the heroic brotherhood were conquering the Roman world to God's New Kingdom.

MARTIN LUTHER, A BRAVE REFORMER
OF CHRISTENDOM

CHAPTER XVIII
*MARTIN LUTHER, A BRAVE REFORMER
OF CHRISTENDOM*

I

MARTIN LUTHER was born in a German peasant home. His parents were sturdy, hard-working, laboring people. His father took his pick each morning and went down into the copper mines to dig ore. His mother trudged out into the forest for wood which she carried home on her back for the hearth fire.

They were both ambitious for Martin to become a great man. So when he was thirteen years old they sent him away to Erfurt to school. He had but little money and earned most of his way singing carols from door to door with a group of school boys.

One evening a kind-hearted woman, Frau Cotta, heard his strong, beautiful singing and asked him to come and live at her home. Frau Cotta was rich; she could help pay his expenses at school. Martin Luther was very poor. It was a bright day for the eager-minded boy when Frau Cotta took him to live under her comfortable roof.

In due time Martin went to the university at Erfurt. He studied hard and became a brilliant student. He took many honors. His father was happy and thought, "Now my boy will become a famous lawyer."

But Martin's plans were changed in a strange manner. It happened that in the summer of the year 1505, as he was riding back from a visit to his parents, he was overtaken by a terrible thunder storm. Suddenly a bolt of lightning flashed in his face and struck

the road just in front of him. Luther, terror-stricken, fell from his horse to the ground. "Help me," he cried, calling out the name of a saint of the Catholic Church, "and I will become a monk."

The lightning passed by as quickly as it had come, and Martin Luther was safe. But the promise he had made in his fright he felt obliged to keep.

At that time there were numerous monasteries scattered throughout Germany and the rest of Europe. These houses were owned by the Catholic church. If a man wished to devote all his time to thinking of God, if he longed to become pure and holy, he went to live in a monastery. Any property which he had he gave away. He gave his life to God and God's service. People in those times believed that the world was so wicked that the only way to lead a holy life was to leave the world's temptations and go to one of these monasteries.

Luther's father was dreadfully disappointed when he learned that his son had decided to give up all chance of a brilliant career to become a poor and humble monk. But Martin Luther thought it was the will of God which was made plain to him in the thunder storm and the lightning.

When he entered the monastery they put him on probation for a year to see if he could stand the rigorous life of a monk. An older monk instructed him in the rules of the household. He was given the most menial tasks to perform to teach him that God may be served in the humblest little ways. He was set to sweeping and cleaning the monastery rooms. He did it with willingness and vigor.

But Luther knew that to make the monastery rooms clean was not enough. He must purify his own mind and sweep out of it the dust and cobwebs of wrong thoughts. He must become clean and pure within.

He had a violent temper. He prayed to God to help him control it. He did not always know what was God's will, what God wished him to do. But after long hours of prayer in the darkness of the night, as he lay on the stone floor of his narrow cell, peace of mind would come to him. Then he would see his duty more clearly. He wore next his body a rough, hair shirt which rubbed and irritated his flesh. By this means he could learn not to care even if he was uncomfortable.

During these years in the monastery Luther spent several hours each day in a way which was rather unusual in those times. He read his Bible. The Bible was written in Latin, which only the educated people could read. And even they often preferred someone's explanation to reading for themselves.

Since they never read Jesus' words many of the priests and monks had almost forgotten his teachings. But Luther read his New Testament, and Christ and Paul became his great heroes. He resolved to follow just what they taught. So overjoyed was he with the wonderful words he had discovered in the New Testament that he resolved to tell them to all the people of Germany.

When he was asked to be professor at the University of Wittenberg, and parish priest for a nearby district, he felt that his chance to teach had come. So he left the monastery and went to Wittenberg.

He began at once to tell his new discoveries to his eager pupils in the university class room. We can almost see the students sitting around him, writing down his lectures in their notebooks, and listening for the first time to Jesus' own words.

On Sunday he preached stirring sermons in his parish church. He always spoke with vigor and enthusiasm. His eyes shone and sparkled "like stars,

so that one might not well bear to look into them." His hearers were thrilled with his words. Luther became a celebrated professor and preacher.

Two years after he came to Wittenberg he was sent with some other monks on business to Rome. He was too poor to pay his fare by stage coach to far-away Rome, so he had to walk on foot all the way, through the forests and over the mountains. It took him six weeks to make the journey.

As he drew near the Holy City, the capital of Christendom, his heart was filled with expectancy and wonder. Since his boyhood he had heard of the glory of Rome. The Pope lived there. He was the ruler — the Holy Father they called him — of all the millions of Christians.

Luther entered the city gates. He beheld churches and palaces. They were magnificent. The cathedral of Saint Peter was dazzling in its splendor. The other buildings were impressive.

But Luther looked about for the spiritual city, the city of holy and Christlike hearts. He looked in vain. He gazed into the faces of priests and cardinals, the teachers of Christianity, expecting to see them bright with the light of the Holy Spirit. But there was no light in them. They were hard and wicked. These priests even joked with one another while they were conducting the beautiful religious services. He found that the Pope and the cardinals and bishops who pretended to rule Christ's kingdom had forgotten all about Christ's teachings. All they cared for was wealth and leadership.

So he left the city in sorrow. It was no longer holy to him. And in sorrow he travelled the long journey through the dark forests, back to Wittenberg.

Something else soon happened which made plain to Luther the wickedness which had crept into Christ's

church. There came into Saxony, the province where he lived, a priest named Tetzel. Tetzel was travelling through Germany. He would march into a town at the head of a procession of priests bearing candles and waving banners. A band of singers, part of his company, would chant songs and shake tinkling bells. Then Tetzel would enter a church, set up a red cross before the altar, and bid the people come forward and be forgiven their sins.

Now how do you suppose they were to obtain this forgiveness? They would merely drop some money into an iron plate; whereat Tetzel would give them a certificate signed by the Pope saying their sins were forgiven.

It was, of course, a huge, money-making fraud. Only God can forgive sins. Jesus tells us no one can have his heart made pure and clean save by praying to God and obeying his will.

It was now, however, fifteen hundred years since Jesus and his apostles had lived and taught God's holy messages. The people rarely read their New Testament. They just believed what the priests told them. And since even the priests seldom studied the Bible, frauds like Tetzel's were not uncommon.

So the people paid their money and carried off their indulgence, as the certificate of forgiveness was called. They were glad it was so easy to get rid of their sins.

But Luther knew better. His heart rebelled against this deception played by the Pope and the priests. He saw they were just stealing money from the ignorant people. What would Christ say, thought Luther, at the way his church was conducted!

So one day Luther stepped up to the church door and with hammer and nails fastened upon it a paper. On this paper he had written ninety-five sentences. Each sentence was a separate attack upon Tetzel and

the sale of indulgences. Luther challenged anyone to prove to him, in debate, that what Tetzel was doing had ever been taught by Christ.

His brave action sent a thrill through the hearts of thousands of Germans. They knew he was right and the Pope wrong. Copies were made of his paper. In a few months these were circulated all over Germany and Martin Luther's name was on the lips of everyone.

It was a momentous day when Luther, on October 31, 1517, nailed that paper on the church door. It was the beginning of the great religious reform in Christendom called the Protestant Reformation.

II

"But what," the people asked each other in whispers, "will the Pope do to Luther?" The Pope, the ruler of Christendom! For ten hundred years everyone had obeyed him. His slightest word was law. Even kings trembled at his orders. What would become of the poor, insignificant monk who dared to oppose him? Once before a man named Huss had disputed the words of the Pope, and *he* had been burned at the stake. Poor Luther!

Just one thing saved Martin Luther. The ruler of his province felt kindly toward the brave monk. "What," he said to himself, "if Luther should be right?" And he refused to give him up to the Pope. Maximilian, the emperor of Germany, also befriended him.

So the Pope, seeing Luther had such influential friends, tried to stop his teaching by offering him a high position in the church.

But the Pope's money could not buy Luther's silence. He was serving God. He did not want the Pope's gifts.

Then the Pope sent him a letter in which he declared that Luther was no longer a priest, no longer a member of the Christian church. This was called a letter of excommunication and was the worst thing the Pope could do to anyone. Ordinarily it brought even kings and emperors to terms.

When Luther received this letter of excommunication he built a bonfire near the university door. The students gathered around him. When the fire was blazing merrily he tossed the Pope's letter into the flames. "Because," he said, addressing the Pope's decree, "thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, let eternal fire consume thee." While the paper burned the students jokingly sang a *Te Deum* as a funeral hymn.

Luther's enemies were beside themselves with anger. They summoned him to appear before a great council called the Diet of Worms. There he was to be put on trial for his life. Everyone again thought of Huss who had been burned at the stake by just such a council, and Luther's friends urged him not to go.

"I will go," he answered, "if I am carried sick on my bed." It was his duty to meet this council; he would not flinch.

He rode in a cart from Wittenberg to the city of Worms to answer his summons. On his way he passed through Erfurt, the town where he had received his education. There he heard that the new emperor, Charles V, had ordered all the many books he had written to be burned. Thus he learned that the emperor of Germany was obedient to the Pope and was Luther's enemy.

"Will you still go to Worms?" he was asked.

"I will go," Luther replied, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house-tops. Though they burned Huss, they could not burn the Truth."

When he rode into the city of Worms in his cart the streets were lined with people waiting to see him. Some had even climbed upon the house-tops for a better view. As he passed through the city gates the warder on the walls blew a blast through his trumpet.

He rode along the streets to the building where his enemies were waiting for him. As he entered the door where the great council was held a famous general stepped up to him, put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"My dear monk, thou goest to an encounter which I and many leaders of battle never have faced. If thou art right and sure of thy cause, God speed thee and be comforted. God will not forsake thee."

When Luther walked into the assembly room he understood what the general meant. There were arrayed before him all the princes and rulers of Germany. Over them presided Charles the Fifth, the young emperor of half the European world. There sat men mighty in the church. Most of them were ready to have him burned at the stake. It was surely a terror-inspiring moment.

He saw a pile of books on the table. They were his own, in which he had described the wicked deeds of the Pope and the priests and had explained the true teachings of Jesus.

"Did you write these books?" he was asked.

He answered that he did.

"Will you recant them?" was the next question put to him. That is, "Will you declare what you wrote in them to be untrue?"

Luther replied that he wanted a day in which to think it over.

On the morrow he again entered the council room, and with superb courage faced his accusers. When asked if he would recant what was in his books he

boldly declared that he had written what he believed was the truth. "In simplicity of mind," he said, "I have written and taught up to this time, and sought nothing else on earth than the glory of God and the instruction of those who believe in Christ." But if, he continued, he was wrong, let his accusers prove it to him, and he would be the first to throw his books into the fire.

The haughty princes had no intention of arguing with him. He must disown these books or take his chances of being burned at the stake.

"Do you believe the Pope and the council are right or wrong?" they questioned him. Luther replied with ringing words:

"I do not believe in either the Pope or the council alone, since it is plain that they have erred repeatedly and contradicted themselves. Unless I am overcome with the testimony of the Scriptures or with clear and transparent reasons, I will not and shall not recant a single word, for it is wicked and dangerous to act contrary to conscience."

His enemies rose to their feet in fury. The emperor, amazed at Luther's daring, waved his hand and gave the signal to break up the assembly. Whereupon Luther cried out

"Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen!"

Had it not been for his prince, Elector Frederick, the governor of his province of Saxony, Luther would have been executed immediately. But Elector Frederick again protected him.

So the Emperor, to avoid a quarrel with the Elector, ordered Luther to return home to Wittenberg. He did this planning to make way with him later.

Then Luther's friends carried out a daring plot. As he was riding homeward, through the Thuringian

gian forest, they swooped down upon him and whisked him off to Wartburg Castle, high up in the hills. There they kept him hidden for a year and practically no one knew where he was. He now took off his monk's robe and dressed as a knight. Most of the time, during this year, he sat in his room in the castle translating the Bible into German. This translation was circulated throughout Germany and for four centuries has been read by the German people.

Now and then, attended by a guard, Luther would walk through the castle grounds. He would pick strawberries or listen to the birds. Then he would think of God who gave life to all nature. "No one can calculate," he once said, "what God needs only to feed the sparrows. They cost him more in a year than the income of the king of France. God understands all the trades. In his tailoring he makes for the stag a coat that lasts a hundred years. As a shoemaker he gives him shoes for his feet. And in the sun he is a cook."

Twice, on two successive days, Luther went hunting. But his heart was touched when he saw the men and dogs driving hares and partridges into nets. "They are innocent little beasts," he said. And he picked up a little rabbit and hid it all day long in the folds of his coat lest the men and the dogs should find it.

So for a year Luther remained hidden in Wartburg Castle. But by that time his books were read and talked of all over Germany. The peddlers on the country roads told their customers about Luther's splendid courage when he faced the Diet of Worms. In far-away hamlets in the hills the people talked of Luther when, in the evenings, they sat before their blazing hearth fires. He became the idolized hero of the German nation.

After he was released from the Castle he wrote many books and preached stirring sermons: and always he led the Protestant Reformation.

The light of Christ's teaching had been hidden for centuries behind dark clouds. These clouds were the false creeds and superstitions which people's imagination had created. Luther tried to brush away the clouds so that the sun of Christ's truth might shine again into men's hearts and set them free from their selfishness and sin. A multitude of heroic men and women joined him in this great undertaking. Some of them were the founders of the Protestant churches of Christendom. Others taught within the Catholic church to make it pure and spiritual again as it had been in the days of its glory. But perhaps the most stalwart of all these reformers was the miner's son, Martin Luther.

TWO FRIENDS OF GOD

CHAPTER XIX

TWO FRIENDS OF GOD

WHILE the reformers in the Catholic and Protestant churches were urging the people of Europe to live as Christ bade them, a young man in England, George Fox, sat at his bench cobbling shoes. He knew little about books. But his father, who was so good and honest that the neighbors nicknamed him "righteous Christer," had taught him to keep himself pure; and from his mother he learned to be gentle and fearless.

One day George Fox left his cobbler's bench and went on business to a country fair. He was shocked indeed, that day, to see how the other young men at the fair drank beer, and how thoughtless and idle they were.

He went home and began to pray. He asked God to show him how to destroy the sin in the world. He took his Bible and went out into the orchards. There sitting on the grass or in a hollow tree he read and read its pages.

Suddenly, one day a voice, pure and heavenly, spoke in his heart. George Fox, listening, heard these words: "There is one, even Jesus Christ, that can speak to thy condition." He fairly leaped for joy, he was so happy when this divine message came. He began to read his Gospels more earnestly than ever, and day after day he listened for Christ's voice.

After a while it seemed as though a bright light streamed into his mind and shone upon the words as he read. He knew this was God's Holy Spirit. The barriers in his mind gave way as though a door had

been opened, and more and more he felt the light and love of God's presence. By this light he understood what the Gospels meant and how he was to help the people of England. This spiritual light which shone so bright within his mind he called the Inner Light.

He made for himself a suit of leather, coat and breeches. Then he put on a white hat, and started off on foot to tell the people what he had seen and learned. He talked to them as they gathered in the market place or on the village streets. He talked with the farmers as they worked in the fields. "You have all forgotten what a glorious teacher Christ is," he would say to them. "You have forgotten Christ's commandment to love one another. Come, follow him. Give to the poor. Love everyone, even those who abuse you. Then the inner light will shine in your hearts as it has shone in mine."

Some who listened were made happy by his words. But others did not want to follow Jesus' real teaching and love everyone. So they would beat Fox and stone him and drive him away. In some villages the people became so angry they would not even give him a room in the town inn, and he had to sleep in the fields under a haystack. Or maybe he would spend a whole night under a hedge in the rain and the snow. But he did not mind how cold or uncomfortable he was, for the inner light burned bright in his heart.

On one occasion when he was in a church he started to tell about Christ's commandments. The church clerk rushed at him and struck him in the face with a Bible. The audience crowded about him, dragged him out of the church, and stoned him. Then they threw him over a hedge. He rose from the ground, bruised and bleeding. Was he angry? Not for a moment. He quietly told them, "I am Christ's

servant. You dishonor your Christ when you treat his servant so unkindly. Repent and do as he bids you."

At this they set upon him again and took him off to prison. The next day he was told by the prison officer that he could have the clerk who had struck him with the Bible arrested, for it was against the law to strike anyone in a church. Fox replied that he was not angry with the man. He always forgave those who injured him.

For many years he taught and suffered in this way. Again and again he was thrown into prison. But as soon as he was released he began once more to teach. In a few years many people had joined him and were trying with him to follow Christ's pure spirit and commandments. They called themselves the Friends of God. When Fox spoke to them in their meetings there was a holy power in his words which made them tremble with joy and wonder. Some say that is the reason why they were also called Quakers.

Now the priests and officers of the government preferred to follow their old ways. They did not want the Quakers to tell them they were doing wrong. So they arrested them by the hundreds and carried them off to prison. In fact, the prisons in England were full of these gentle Friends of God.

After enduring such persecutions for a number of years some of the Quakers decided to go to America where they could be free. Little by little, a few at a time, they sailed over the sea to the unknown land where they could worship God as the inner light bade them.

America was a wilderness in those days. Here and there by the ocean and along the banks of the rivers, meager white settlements were to be found. But the warlike Indians roamed at will over the forests and there were dangers on every side.

In the year 1671 George Fox decided to visit the Friends who had gone to America. He took his passage on a sailboat and was two months crossing the Atlantic ocean. When he reached Maryland, where the Quakers had settled, he was eagerly welcomed. He spoke at their meetings as in England. His eyes were bright with the Holy Spirit, his heart aglow with earnestness and joy. They caught his courage and were strengthened to battle with the hardships of the wilderness.

One day he sent an invitation to the Indians to come to a meeting. He sent it to the "emperor" of the Indians and to the Indian "kings."

The Indian chiefs met together in the forest and held a council to talk it all over. Should they accept this invitation of "the paleface" and be his friend, or should they refuse to meet his kindly advances? At last they voted to accept; and the Indian "emperor" himself, followed by his warriors, came to the Quaker meeting and sat very grave and still while Fox told about Christ and his Gospel of Peace.

Shortly after this Fox started off through the forests and over the bogs and the rivers to travel to New England. When his party came to a river they would borrow Indian canoes and paddle across, while the horses swam at the sides of the boats. At night they slept in the silent forest beside a camp fire, or in some Indian wigwam. One evening they arrived at an Indian town where an Indian king lived. The Big Chief and his wife welcomed them with kindness. They took the little party to their home and Fox and his companions slept on mats on the floor of the Indian king's rough forest "palace."

After a while Fox returned to the Friends in England. One of these early Friends or Quakers was a young man, William Penn. His father was an admiral in

the British navy and a friend of Charles II, king of England. Admiral Penn expected his son to follow his example and become a fine gentleman at court.

But William did not care for the luxurious life of the kings and princes. When he was twelve years old there had come to him a beautiful vision in which God's glory seemed to be shining in the room where he was sitting. As he grew up this vision seemed to him more real than the wealth and presents at the king's court, and he resolved to try to be worthy of such a vision.

He was studying at Oxford College when one day he heard a Quaker preacher. He decided that this man was teaching the truth of God, and he joined the little band of Friends. This displeased his father, for the Quakers were mostly poor people, shoemakers, tinkers, workingmen, and the like. They did not seem to Admiral Penn proper company for his son. But William had found in the teaching of George Fox a "gospel of peace that was more dear and precious to his soul than all the treasures of this world." He could not give it up. He began to teach and urge the people of England to become friends of God.

One day when Penn was preaching at Grace Church in London some officers came and arrested him. They took him before a court to be tried. A jury chosen from the people of the city were to decide whether he should be punished or not.

Penn was allowed to speak in his own defense. As the jury listened to him they liked him, he was so fearless and kind. So, with a smile on their faces, they gave the verdict: "William Penn is guilty of speaking in a church."

This made the presiding judge angry. He wanted them to say, "guilty of speaking in a church *against the law.*" Then he would have an excuse for sending

Penn to prison. But the jury did not think the law had any right to keep a man from speaking about God in a church. So they refused to do what the judge told them.

The judge in a fury shut the jury up in a room and would not let them have any food or water. For two days he kept them there. Then he asked for another verdict. The jury said, "William Penn is not guilty."

Beside himself with anger the judge ordered Penn and the whole jury to be taken to prison. But as this was contrary to all English law they were soon released.

This was one of many visits which William Penn made to the English prisons. As soon as the officers released him he would begin to teach. As soon as they heard he was preaching somewhere, back he was sent to prison.

At last he went to the king and bought from him the large tract of land in America which was called after Penn's name, Pennsylvania. He decided to make this land into a home for the Friends of God and all others who suffered oppression. He chartered a ship, and with a party of Quakers set sail for America.

The air was clear and sweet when, after two months at sea, he landed on the bank of the Delaware River. The heavens were serene. Flowers and fruits and great red grapes grew on the river banks.

Soon the Indians came to see him. "They were tall, straight, well built, and walking with a lofty chin,—the most merry creatures that live," he relates of them in his journal. They brought him roasted acorns and hominy. He loved his red brothers, just as George Fox had loved them. So he invited them to stay and have dinner with him.

After dinner they started to show him how far they

could hop and jump. Penn who was a good athlete joined in the sport and, to their astonishment, jumped farther than anyone. They went back to their wigwams thinking "the paleface" was a great man.

Although he had bought the whole of Pennsylvania from the king of England, Penn said the land really belonged to the Indians. Had they not lived on it for hundreds of years? So he decided to buy it again, little by little from the Indian chiefs. He called a council of the Indians to talk it all over. They were to meet with the Quakers just north of the present site of Philadelphia.

The Indians came, multitudes of them, all armed with bows and arrows. They looked very fierce and warlike. The little band of Quakers who accompanied Penn had no arms at all. Christ had told men to put away their swords. They would do as he bade them. The Indians looked dreadful indeed. But the Quaker Friends were sure God would protect them.

When they were all assembled, this crowd of fierce Indians and the little group of unarmed Quakers, the great chief walked forward and took his stand under a huge elm tree. Raising his arms, he placed a rude crown upon his head. In the middle of the crown there was stuck a horn. Whenever he placed that crown on his head all the warriors must drop their bows and arrows. As long as he wore the crown and the horn nobody should be injured.

So the Indians laid their bows and arrows on the ground. The older and wiser chiefs sat down under the elm tree in a semicircle about the big chief. The younger Indians all sat in a circle just behind them. The great chief then announced to William Penn, through an interpreter, that his chiefs and his nations were ready to listen.

Penn stepped forward. In his hand he held a roll

of parchment. About his waist was tied a blue sash, such as the English officers wore.

"The Great Spirit made you and us," he said to the Indians. "May he incline your hearts to righteousness and peace. We love you as brothers. We intend to order all things so we may live with you in peace. We never carry arms because we do not wish to harm you. May the English and the Indians live in love as long as the sun shall give its light." The Indians shouted their approval of his words.

Penn now gave them the price of their land and many presents besides. He also gave them the parchment on which the agreement between them and the Quakers was written. This they were to keep to read to their children and grandchildren in the wigwams.

The Indians went away from the council declaring they would be friends to Penn and the Quakers so long as the sun and the moon should shine. And they always kept their word.

Penn made many other treaties with them. Once he bought as much land to the west as a man could walk across in three days. The Indian chiefs walked with him in leisurely fashion for a day and a half of the three days. They stopped every once in a while and sat under the trees and smoked their pipes and ate their biscuits and cheese. Of course this delay gave Penn less land than would have been his if he had hurried along. But he did not care. He was generous. He would not try to get the best of the bargain. In fact he felt that the thirty miles which they covered in the day and a half was sufficient for his needs, and he returned home with his red friends. It was not until many years later that the rest of the land was claimed from the Indians. The governor of Pennsylvania then employed the fastest walker he

could find; *he* covered eighty-six miles in the remaining day and a half.

The king of England made Penn governor of the new colony of Pennsylvania, and for a number of years he lived on his American land. He wrote out a set of laws for his colony which later on was used as a pattern for the Constitution of the United States. And after a while the Quakers built the city of Philadelphia. The Indians around them tried to be just and kind like these Friends of God. They kept their treaties, and the English and the red men lived in peace.

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM IN AMERICA

CHAPTER XX

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM IN AMERICA

I

IN the face of the Indians and the blizzards of winter the Puritans settled New England. They were heroes of the Reformation.

They had found, however, only a part of the pure teachings of Jesus. So in the nineteenth century there arose another band of reformers to reform the religion of the Puritans. One of these pioneers was a gifted preacher named Hosea Ballou. He was born in a little town in New Hampshire, the son of a Baptist minister. He was very poor and had almost no schooling. But he read his Bible continually and tried to find just what Jesus taught. He wanted to be free from the creeds which men had made in order that he might see the truth of God. That truth he discovered in the glorious Gospels.

Many of the Puritans and early reformers thought God was harsh and stern. "This is a mistake," Mr. Ballou told them in his eloquent sermons. "God is loving and kind like his son Jesus. He is our Father. We are all his children in his divine family. He loves us. Let us love one another."

A number of people heard Mr. Ballou and rejoiced in his words. They started off through the villages and hamlets of New England to proclaim their new message. They preached in school houses and court rooms. They travelled as far west as Ohio. They talked to people in the stage coaches and in the country

stores—to everyone who would listen. They held meetings in the hay fields. And throughout the country they established what are called Universalist churches.

In the year 1822 Mr. Ballou went to live and teach in Boston. There he found another spiritual reformer who was teaching almost the same things he was proclaiming. This was William Ellery Channing, the leader of the Unitarians.

Dr. Channing was the beloved minister of Federal Street Church in Boston. He was frail in body, yet strong in spirit. He was often ill but always his mind was clear and bright. When he arose to preach people listened spellbound to his words. He told them they had in them a divine nature. It shines out in holiness and truth. It appears when we do our duty. Dr. Channing said we must give education and freedom to everyone so this divine self may shine forth. This, he said, was the real teaching of Jesus.

While Dr. Channing was teaching this inspiring gospel in his Federal Street Church a boy was growing up in a simple home just a few blocks away. This boy was Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was destined to become one of the greatest writers and thinkers of America.

He came from a family of New England ministers. One of his ancestors was the minister who founded Concord, Massachusetts. He used to say to the people of his parish: "There is no people but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in if not in holiness!" Ralph Waldo's great-grandfather was called a "heroic scholar." His father, before he moved to Boston was minister of a little church in the rocky hills at Harvard, Massachusetts. His salary was only three hundred and thirty-three dollars a year. But he and his wife faced poverty like good

soldiers. "We are poor," he writes in his journal, "and cold, and have little meal and little wood and little meat; but, thank God, courage enough." Ralph Waldo's mother was a remarkable woman. A friend said of her: "I do not remember to have ever seen her impatient or heard her express dissatisfaction at any time." Ralph Waldo inherited his father's and his mother's splendid character.

When he was eight years old his father died, leaving his mother very poor. She supported her family by taking boarders. Ralph and his brother Edward had but one overcoat between them with which to face the bitter cold of the New England winters. But they considered it a disgrace to complain because they were cold or poor. We must forget our troubles, they were told, and think of splendid things like truth and goodness. It is ignoble to complain when we are uncomfortable.

Ralph and his brilliant brothers worked hard to earn enough money to go to school. Sometimes they made a few dollars working on the farms near Boston. When they were old enough they helped pay their way by teaching. When Ralph was seventeen years old and went to Harvard College he worked as a messenger boy and earned the money to pay for his room. He earned his board by waiting on the table in the college dining hall.

In his leisure moments he read books in the library. And he thought about the great problems of religion and tried hard to solve them. But his teachers did not consider him an exceptionally bright pupil. His real genius was to appear in later years.

After he had finished his studies at Harvard College he spent two years in the Divinity School preparing to be a minister. In 1828, when he was twenty-five years old, he was asked to become minister of the

Second Unitarian Church in Boston. About this time he was married to Miss Ellen Tucker. She was of buoyant spirits, "a bright revelation," he said, "of the best nature of woman." He was very happy for a year. Then his wife was taken ill, and soon after died.

Mr. Emerson was the minister of the Second (Unitarian) Church in Boston for three years. Then he decided to give up the ministry. So he resigned his place in his church and went for a visit to Europe. There he met great men like Carlyle and Wordsworth. To talk with them was far more interesting to him than to see the cities of France or Italy.

When he returned to America he made his home in the town of Concord, near Boston. It was, as he said of his former home in Roxbury,

"Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay.

· · · · ·
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

There he could pray and try to see God as did the saints of old.

One of the first places he looked for God was in nature — in the fields and the woods, in the flowers and the birds. God had made them. Could they not teach him something about their Maker? He loved to stroll "through the pastures and along the river side" in early spring, "when the sea-winds pierced our solitudes." He was overjoyed to find a rhodora blooming in some damp nook and to think how God had put it there.

In the late summer he liked to follow through the fields the "burly dozing humblebee," "sailor of the

atmosphere," and "swimmer through the waves of air." He watched how the bumblebee skipped all the bitter and unpleasant things, but took "sweetness without bound" from the "solid banks of flowers."

"Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodils"

alone attract his notice. Then Mr. Emerson addresses this little "yellow-breeched philosopher," bidding him be our teacher until we, too, can live

"Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,"

till we, like the bee, can

"mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat."

He went to the seashore and studied the shells, "in the sun and the wind and the wild uproar." He climbed Mount Monadnock and from its heights gazed far over the valleys below. Everywhere he saw the glory of the Creator.

Even in winter he witnessed the power of God when, "announced by all the trumpets of the sky" the snow storm comes and "hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven." He saw how marvelously God's snowflakes build white palaces around the trees and the sheds and the stone walls. And high over the hills and fields

"soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity."

When he saw these sights Mr. Emerson was filled with joy.

As he sat in his quiet, sunbright study in what he called "the noble leisure of mornings" he loved to

read how God had trained his heroes in every land. He read the adventures of Jesus and Paul. He read of the heroes of Greece and India, of Persia and Arabia. He read about Socrates and Buddha, Zoroaster and Mohammed, much as we have done in this volume. He in turn wrote books to tell the people of America how great and glorious these ancient heroes were.

He was married again, in the early days at Concord. His wife, he says, was a bright example of the pure life of Christianity. He had a little boy who was all joy and sunshine — a “hyacinthine boy” with

“a joyful eye,
Innocence that matched the sky,
Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
Laughter rich as woodland thunder.”

This lovely child died when he was only five years old, and Mr. Emerson had to pray very hard to bear his sorrow. At last he realized that his child who had left him had gone to a home more glorious than any known on earth. With these thoughts a great peace entered his heart, and he poured forth his faith in a wonderful poem.

Mr. Emerson wrote many beautiful books. Sometimes he felt the spirit of God whispering within his mind. Whenever this divine self spoke he wrote down its whisperings. Later he published these words in his poems and essays. They have brought gladness to many people.

“Within me,” he said, “is a calm, immortal self whose powers I do not know; but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approves me in any wrong; I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings. It seems to me the face which the Creator uncovers to his child.”

Mr. Emerson was able to see so much of God’s

truth because his heart was pure. This made his face bright with the inner light.

He used to travel over the country, lecturing. He would tell the people to open their eyes and see the beauty of the world. He would tell them how God's beauty was hidden away in their own souls; how this angel nature was like a prisoner within them. The prison bars were fear and selfishness. They must break the bars and set the angel free.

One time he spoke in the town of Mattoon in southern Illinois. As the people went away from the lecture they were all exclaiming how much they liked it. A little girl of six joined in their words of praise. "You are too young to understand Mr. Emerson," they said to her. "Yes," she answered, "I didn't understand his words, but I could look at his face."

II

One July evening in 1838 Mr. Emerson gave a lecture at Harvard Divinity School in Cambridge. A young man seven years his junior sat in the audience. This was Theodore Parker whose grandfather had led the minute men of Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1775. We remember how Captain Parker roused his men out of their beds at half past two o'clock in the morning and how, two hours later, they met the British soldiers on the roadside and received and gave the shots which started the war of the Revolution.

Theodore Parker loved to think of his brave grandfather. After listening to Mr. Emerson's words that evening in July *he* resolved to fight for freedom. But he would fight in a different way.

Theodore grew up on a farm near Lexington in a lovely valley. "Columbines grew on the sunny side of all the great rocks, blue violets and white were to be had everywhere." Little Theodore "went

stumbling through the grass, merry as a May-bee." He tells us a story of these days. Perhaps you have heard it.

"When a little boy in petticoats in my fourth year, one fine day in spring, my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little 'pond-hole' then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom—a rare flower in my neighborhood, and which grew only in that locality—attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys out of sport destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I felt a disposition to follow their example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong!' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion—the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong? She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice.'"¹

As Theodore grew older he used to play among the

¹ From *Autobiography*, Centenary edition, American Unitarian Association, Boston.

sweet-smelling shavings in his father's carpenter shop. He would watch his mother weaving her flax and making it into pure white sheets and towels. She loved to tell her children how God was in the rainbow and the drops of rain. She tried to teach them just how God wished them to live.

Before Theodore was eight years old there came to him a longing for knowledge. He would lie on the grass and, looking up at the white clouds, wonder where they came from. He looked at the stars in the night and wondered what they were. He began to read and read every book he could find. These would tell him what he longed to know. First he read Plutarch's stories of ancient Greece. When he was ten he made a list of "all the vegetables, plants, trees, and shrubs that grew on the farm." At twelve he began to study astronomy and Latin. He wanted to read the celebrated Roman books in the Latin language in which they were first written.

He picked huckleberries one day. Then he carried his buckets of berries into Boston and sold them. Before he went home he bought a book, — the first of his very own, and that thrilled his heart with joy. It was a Latin dictionary. When he grew to be a man he bought many books, until he had thirteen thousand on his library shelves. But he always liked this one the best, because it was his first.

After this trip to Boston five years hurried by until Theodore was seventeen years old. They went quickly for him, for they were full of reading and study and work for his father.

Then one day he rose very early in the morning and went down to Cambridge. When he returned, late in the evening, he went into his father's bedroom just before his father went to sleep and said, "Father, I entered Harvard College today."

"Why, Theodore, you know I cannot support you there," his father replied. He was very poor.

But Theodore explained that he himself was going to earn all the money he needed. When he had to be away from the farm, he said, he would pay for a man to take his place. In the winter he would teach school.

So he left home and began teaching in Boston. He earned fifteen dollars a month and his board. He sent eleven of this home to pay the wages of the man who should take his place on the farm. This left him only four dollars a month for other things. But that made no difference to him, for he could study and learn wonderful truths.

In due time he entered Harvard Divinity School. He had decided to become a minister. His room in Divinity Hall we can still see, if we go to Cambridge. It was large and airy, heated by an open fireplace.

Here he studied with more joy than ever before. He read books night and day. He wanted to know all he could learn about God and the people in his world, and what God had taught them. God's knowledge seemed like a mighty ocean. His was but a tiny drop. He learned twenty languages so he could read books from many different races. Then he would learn what the Greeks and the Arabians, the Persians and the Hindus knew about God. He read fifteen hours a day. The more he learned the more he found there was that he did not know. He often read a page at a glance, yet twenty years later he could tell just what it contained. He could commit a hymn to memory as the minister read it in the church service.

When he left Harvard Divinity School he became the minister of a Unitarian Church at West Roxbury near Boston. He was married and had a delightful home to which guests loved to come.

And he read and read, often a book or two a day. He also took long walks in the country, sometimes walking twenty miles in an afternoon. One time he walked all the way from Boston to New York in just a few days. "Give me health and a day," he loved to say, in the words of Mr. Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

He loved the flowers and the birds, the brooks and the sunshine. He said they could sometimes teach him more than all his books. They all spoke of God. "Nature," he said, "is a garment which conceals God's brightness."

Then came that evening in July when he listened to Mr. Emerson's lecture at Harvard Divinity School. As he walked home from Cambridge to West Roxbury after the lecture, Theodore Parker resolved to teach the truth about Jesus' Gospel as he now saw it. He would tell what he had learned about Christianity in his studies and in his prayers. He would set the people free from the wrong ideas which had crept into their minds and covered up Jesus' real words.

So one day he preached a sermon in a church in South Boston, and told what he had discovered about the real teachings of Jesus. The people who listened were amazed. His words were so different from what they had been taught that they thought he must be wrong. Most of the other ministers in Boston were sure he was wrong. Some of them, after this sermon, even refused to speak to him when they met him on the street. They also tried to expel him from the Boston Ministers' Association.

But Theodore Parker was strong and fearless, like Luther. He must teach the truth. He did not mind the persecution.

There were many people who, when they were told of his surprising words wished to hear him. They

wanted to decide for themselves if he was right. So his friends rented a theater in Boston, called the "Melodeon." Here the people came in crowds every Sunday morning, two or three thousand of them. They filled the large auditorium and listened spell-bound to Parker's words of truth and light.

Through the week he travelled about the country giving lectures. He also wrote books to tell those who could not come to hear him the truths he had learned. These books were read in many parts of the United States.

Once a judge in a western city saw a youth who did not know what to do with his time on Sundays. He gave him a copy of one of Mr. Parker's books. The youth read it with amazement. He discovered in its pages how beautiful religion is. Years later the judge met him again. The youth, now a man, showed him that the cover had worn off the book, he had read it so many times. Now he had it bound in leather.

Theodore Parker and the other champions of freedom were like errant knights in a dark forest. This was the forest of religious ignorance, where men had forgotten God's true teaching. All about in the forest there were prisoners who were bound by chains of fear to trees called superstitions. Into this forest came the knights of freedom. They were clad in the glistening armor of honest thought. They held in their hands spears of knowledge. Their words of truth, like battle axes, struck down the trees of superstition and set the captive free.

A SHINING LIGHT FROM PERSIA

CHAPTER XXI

A SHINING LIGHT FROM PERSIA

WE have read how Mohammed and Zoroaster and other great teachers gave their wonderful messages to the people of the world and taught them how to please God. We have also read how, after a while, the people would forget what their prophet had said. Then they would make up teachings of their own, and, saying these were the prophets' words, they would follow their own way rather than God's way.

This is just what happened in Persia, that beautiful country where Zoroaster and Mohammed had given their holy laws. The priests, who were the teachers of the people, thought less and less about following Mohammed's true teachings, and more and more about gaining wealth and high positions for themselves. At last Persia and the other Mohammedan countries had become so forgetful of their prophet's words that it seemed well-nigh impossible to reform them.

One day, in the year 1844, a number of pilgrims from all over the Mohammedan world were gathered in Mecca to celebrate their yearly visit to the holy city. A hundred thousand of these pilgrims were assembled together in a certain part of the city.

Suddenly a young man, a merchant, whose name was Ali Mohammed, stood up in their midst and spoke to them. His heart was pure and full of love for all mankind. He told the listening people that their priests, or mullahs as they are called in the Mohammedan world, were teaching them things which were wrong and were leading them away from God instead

of near to Him. He said *he* would give them God's true messages once more. He would be the gate, the "Bab" they call it in Persian, through which they might return to God. He spoke with such power and authority that his words were not forgotten. As the pilgrims returned to their homes they spread the news of his proclamation throughout Persia. And soon thousands of people became his followers.

The priests, the mullahs, furious at what he proclaimed about them, made their plans to prevent the Bab, as he was now called, from teaching. The mullahs owned vast wealth in Persia. If the eyes of the people were opened, if they realized how wicked the mullahs had become, these mullahs might have to lose their wealth.

So, as soon as the opportunity came they arrested the Bab and carried him off to prison. Month after month he was kept captive, sometimes in one prison, sometimes in another. At last, after six years of imprisonment, he was fastened by ropes to a wall, and a regiment of soldiers, aiming their rifles at him, shot him. In this way, the Mohammedan priests thought, they would put an end to the teachings of the Bab.

On the twenty-third of May in 1844, the same year in which the Bab spoke to the pilgrims at Mecca, there was born in a Persian palace a little boy. The name which was given to him then was Abbas Effendi. When he grew to be a man he was called "Abdul Baha" which means "The Servant of God."

Abdul Baha's father, Baha'o'llah (Baha'-ool'-lah), was a noble prince. He was very wealthy and lived in a beautiful palace. He might have had a high place in the Persian government and so have spent his life in ease and luxury. But he did not care for these things. Instead of spending his money on himself he gave away so much to those who were poor or

in trouble that he was called "the father of the poor." His heart was pure and full of mercy. He spent his days and nights in teaching the people the ways of love and peace. He told them that what the Bab proclaimed was true and the Mohammedan world must be reformed.

When the rulers of Persia learned that Baha'o'llah was carrying on the teaching of the Bab they took away all his great estates and threw him into prison. He was put into a dungeon far under the ground, where no sunlight had ever entered. A heavy iron chain was fastened around his neck and with it he was chained to five other followers of the Bab. He was kept thus for four months. The chains were so heavy on his neck that he could not hold up his head and he could get but little sleep. But no word of complaint did he utter. He thought of the glorious presence of God which he saw even there in the dungeon. He composed hymns of praise, rejoicing that he might suffer in God's service. He taught these hymns to his fellow prisoners and they sang them there in the darkness.

In the meantime Baha'o'llah's family was in dire trouble. While the angry priests and rulers fastened him in the dungeon a mob hastened to his home. They drove his wife and his five small children out of their beautiful palace and took possession of everything.

Baha'o'llah's wife, now homeless, found a small house on a back street of the large city of Teheran where they lived. Here she found shelter for the coming four months. She and her children had nothing left of their large fortune but the clothes which they wore. When they were in need of food the mother cut the solid gold buttons off her children's dresses and with them bought supplies.

One day Abdul Baha, who was at that time eight

years old, went out into the street in the hope that he might find his father. Immediately he was surrounded by a mob of boys, large and small. There were nearly three hundred of them. They were all armed with sticks and stones and were determined to kill this little child of Baha'o'llah. Abdul Baha, the tiniest boy of all the crowd, when he found himself thus surrounded stood quiet still, straight as an arrow. Quietly he commanded the mob not to touch him. Evidently they were impressed by his utter fearlessness, for lo! not a stick or a stone was thrown. And little by little the boys slipped away, leaving Abdul Baha standing alone in the street.

At the end of four months Baha'o'llah was taken out of the dungeon. But the Mohammedan priests would not let him stay in Teheran, fearing that he might teach the people and win them to these new truths about religion. So he and his family were put upon horses and driven out of the city. The plan was to send them away, over the mountains and the deserts, to the city of Bagdad in Turkey.

It was in the winter time and the weather was bitterly cold. For three days and nights the little party rode, hurried along by their guards. They had no food and were scantily clothed. But God's Holy Spirit sustained them and their hearts were full of joy. "How glorious it is," they said to one another, "to suffer in the pathway of God. God's good soldier is happiest when the march is the hardest!"

After a month of such travelling they reached Bagdad, far away from the Persian empire. They found in this city an empty house. Here they lived in great poverty for twelve years.

Many of the people in Bagdad were very fierce and rough. But there were others who were gentler and more tolerant. When they discovered what a wise

and loving man had come among them they visited him in large numbers.

Baha'o'llah told them that all the people in the world are the children of one God, and that all the great prophets who have taught in different parts of the world have been messengers of the one God. They have taught the same things and have been strengthened to do their work by the same loving Father. Therefore all the religions of the world contain the same truths, and we must love them all. "Why," said Baha'o'llah, "the people of the world are like the leaves of one great tree, or the drops of one sea. The leaves of a tree do not quarrel with one another! The drops of a sea do not prefer themselves one to another! So let mankind live in peace and give up these ruinous wars."

Baha'o'llah himself was an example of the life he taught. One day he was praying alone in a tent just outside of Bagdad. As he sat there a fierce Mohammedan slipped silently into the tent. This man thought Baha'o'llah was a very wicked person who led people astray. Did not he say that the religion of Mohammed was not the only religion which was true? So the Moslem had come to kill Baha'o'llah.

He raised his javelin and took aim, preparing to throw it at the unprotected enemy. Then Baha'o'llah, for the first time looked at him. The noble teacher's face was pure and kind. He seemed full of love for his would-be-murderer. The man dropped his javelin to the ground.

He picked it up and again took aim. And again Baha'o'llah looked at him, his eyes overflowing with love. For the second time the javelin fell to the ground beside its owner.

The man picked it up once more. With an intense effort of his will he determined to delay no longer in

disposing of this harmful person before him. This time Baha'o'llah smiled at him.

Then the Moslem, his javelin cast away, threw himself at Baha'o'llah's feet. He could not withstand such wonderful love.

As the years went by Baha'o'llah's followers in Bagdad became so numerous that the Mohammedan priests grew jealous. The people loved him more than they did the priests. The priests knew that if this continued they would lose all their influence. So they persuaded the Sultan of Turkey to send Baha'o'llah and his family far away from Bagdad and from Persia to a place where no one knew him. So he was exiled to Adrianople in Europe. He surely could influence no one there, the priests reasoned.

From Adrianople Baha'o'llah wrote letters to his followers in Persia. In these letters he told them how Persia could be made into a glorious nation once more. He told them how God wished everyone, girls and boys, men and women, to have an equal education. He told how they must love the people of all religions alike; how Christians and Jews, Mohammedans and Buddhists are all God's children and God sees no difference between them. The people by thousands believed him and accepted the new teaching.

Seeing this, the Mohammedan priests persuaded the Sultan to exile Baha'o'llah and his family to the town of Acca in Syria. This town was a place where thieves and criminals were sent—and never heard of again. It was so unhealthy that nobody who went there had been known to live more than a few months. "Now," thought the Mohammedan priests, "we have disposed of this troublesome person."

When it became known where Baha'o'llah was to be sent, seventy people begged permission to go with him. To them no suffering was worthy of mention

beside that of being separated from their beloved teacher.

When Baha'o'llah and this party of seventy followers reached Acca, after a long sea voyage, they indeed found distressing conditions. Baha'o'llah was put into a tiny cell. It was so small he could neither lie down nor stand up. Here he was chained to the floor. The others were crowded together in a room where the mud was ankle deep on the floor. There were no chairs or beds in the room. Only a scanty supply of food was given them. But they were near Baha'o'llah, and his love and joy were so wonderful, his knowledge of God was so glorious, that they did not mind their sufferings.

Two years they were kept in this prison. Then the heart of the governor of Acca was touched, and he gave orders that they be transferred to better quarters. They were gentle and thoughtful toward one another; they were loving and courteous to their jailers. He could not see that they had done anything wrong.

So they were released from the barracks, as the prison was called, and given a house in the town. Here they lived for nine years. They were constantly watched by guards and in all that time Baha'o'llah never left the house. But it was a much better place than the barracks.

Baha'o'llah spent these days of prison life in writing letters and books which were radiant with the Holy Spirit. He sent them to Persia and they brought new life to many people.

Oftentimes, when men in far-away Persia read these letters they would be filled with a longing to see their author. They would start out on foot and walk all the hundreds of miles to Acca. It would take months to make the journey. When they reached Acca they

would stand on a hill overlooking the city and watch and watch in the hope that they might see their beloved teacher. Then Baha'o'llah and Abdul Baha would go to the tiny window of Baha'o'llah's room and wave their handkerchiefs. After this sign of recognition these followers of Baha'o'llah would start home again, contented and happy.

As the new teachings spread throughout Persia the priests became more and more enraged. They determined to kill all the Bahais, as the followers of Baha'o'llah were called. So they started a great persecution and thousands of Bahais gave their lives for their belief in the teachings of Baha'o'llah.

At last the persecutions became so numerous that Baha'o'llah wrote a letter to the Shah of Persia pleading with him to stop this work of the Mohammedan priests. But who would take the letter! It would in all probability mean death to the messenger as he would have to go into the very midst of the priests.

Baha'o'llah called his friends together and asked for a volunteer. To the surprise of all a boy named Badi stepped forward and said *he* would go. Badi was about eighteen years old. He had always been a rather careless, thoughtless boy. Could he undertake such an errand, the others wondered?

Baha'o'llah took him into his room and talked to him. And as he talked the Holy Spirit in his heart entered the heart of Badi also. Badi's face became radiant. A divine courage welled up in his mind. He took the letter and started off on foot.

For weeks and weeks he tramped over the desert. And weeks and weeks he spent in crossing the mountains. But so happy was he at the thought of serving God that nothing could stop him. "He sped along with footsteps of entire devotion." At last he reached the capital of the Shah.

He put on a white robe and took his stand on a rock outside the palace gate. For three days he stood on the rock and waved his letter over his head. And the bright sunlight shone on his white suit and cap.

Now it so happened that on the third day the Shah went to his palace window and with his telescope scanned the surrounding country. He saw this white figure by the palace gate and sent a servant to know what was wanted. Thus Badi was brought to the presence of the Shah, and delivered into his hand the precious letter.

The Shah, when he learned from whom the letter had come, threw it upon the ground and gave orders that Badi be put to death. "The idea," he thought, "of that prisoner daring to argue with me, the king!"

For three days Badi, like little Blandina, endured much suffering at the hands of his captors. But the more they hurt him the more radiant his face became and the more joyous was his heart. On the third day God freed him from the hands of the cruel priests and his spirit flew to join his most glorious Lord.

After a number of years the jailers in Acca ceased to watch the Bahais so closely and they were allowed to live in a house outside the city walls. These fierce Turkish guards had learned to love and reverence Baha'o'llah and Abdul Baha and their little party.

When the news spread abroad that Baha'o'llah was living in comparative freedom, people from all over the world came to see him. He must be a remarkable man, they reasoned, who can spread his teachings throughout Persia when he himself is a prisoner behind the walls of far-away Acca!

One of these visitors was a merchant who lived in Egypt. He had read some of Baha'o'llah's inspiring letters and wished to see him. "How glorious it would be," thought he, "to stand in the presence of

so holy a man." So he wrote a letter asking Baha'o'llah if he might come to Acca.

"When you owe no man anything," wrote the great teacher in reply, "you may come."

The merchant was amazed at these words. He was quite wealthy and had an important business. But he owed large sums of money to persons in different parts of the world. If he paid these debts he would not be nearly so rich.

Now, however, he learned that he could not enter the presence of Baha'o'llah, he could not hear him speak about God, unless these debts were paid. He wanted to see Baha'o'llah more than he wanted anything on earth. So he began to send his creditors the sums of money which he owed them. It took him five years to pay off all his debts. When the last was canceled the merchant had left just enough money to buy his ticket on the steamer to Acca. He could not pay for a berth on the ship. He must sleep on the deck.

As the ship glided away from the dock he stood leaning over the deck's railing thinking happily of the joy which was in store for him. All at once his shawl, his only protection from the cold night winds, slipped from his hands and fell into the water. But he cared not, for he was actually on his way to see Baha'o'llah!

When the day came for the ship to arrive at the dock in the seaport town of Haifa, Syria, Baha'o'llah, nine miles away in Acca, told a certain man of his household to make ready his horse and carriage. "I have a very noble guest coming today and I wish you to go and meet him," said Baha'o'llah.

The man drove to Haifa, found the ship at the dock, and stood all attention, watching for the foreign visitor. Baha'o'llah had said he was "very noble"; so the man looked for someone who would be grandly dressed

and who walked with a lordly air. Perhaps he would have medals strung all over his chest! Then the messenger would surely know him.

But no such person arrived. The messenger stayed till everyone had left the ship. The last person to walk up the dock was a shabby little man who had no baggage and who seemed to have not a single friend. This was our merchant.

So the messenger drove back to Acca and told Baha'o'llah that his visitor did not come.

"Ah," said Baha'o'llah, "your eyes are blind. You could not recognize my guest. I will send Abdul Baha. He makes no such mistakes."

Abdul Baha reached Haifa late in the afternoon. There was no one at the docks. He looked around, and at last discovered a forlorn little man sitting all alone on a bench.

When no one had met him at the ship, our merchant from Egypt decided in his disappointment that Baha'o'llah had forgotten him. Then he began to wonder if he had been foolish to give up all his wealth just to see this Baha'o'llah. Perhaps he was not such a wonderful person after all.

Abdul Baha hastened to his side, told him who he was, and joyfully welcomed him. Then he proposed that they drive to Acca.

"No," said the merchant, remembering the thoughts which had been in his mind when Abdul Baha found him. He could not go into the presence of Baha'o'llah until he had prayed to God to forgive him for his lack of faith.

The merchant had not a single penny, and he would not let Abdul Baha, who had almost as little, pay for his lodgings at the hotel in Haifa. So Abdul Baha sat down beside him on the bench. He wrapped his cloak about his new-found friend and put his arm

around him. And the two sat and prayed together all through the night.

In the morning they went to Acca. With a purified heart the merchant could enter the presence of Baha'o'llah and talk with him about God. And he could see the light of God which shone in the face of the holy teacher.

In 1892 the pure spirit of Baha'o'llah ascended into the glory of the heavenly world. For fifty years he had "faced his enemies like a mountain." For fifty years he had endured their persecutions with indomitable courage and unfailing love. And every year the light of his teachings shone brighter and brighter into the hearts of the people of Asia.

After his death his followers turned to Abdul Baha. In his perfected character they found the same majestic light of love and wisdom which had shone from the spirit of Baha'o'llah.

The people of Acca called Abdul Baha "the friend of the poor," and it was to him that the poor came with their troubles. Every Friday morning a crowd of men and women, bent and old, in "patched and tattered garments," appeared at his door. Some carried children in their arms; some walked on crutches. They were of many races. Soon the door would open and Abdul Baha with his vigorous step and kingly bearing would walk out into their midst. "Welcome, welcome," he would say, with a radiant smile. Then to each person he would give some food, or money, or a garment, according to their need. And with each gift there went a word of love and encouragement as he put his gentle hand on the shoulder of a bent old negro, perhaps, or caressed a sick child. After a short while they would all go away thinking in their hearts what a kind man is the Servant of God, the Friend of the Poor!

We wonder how it was that Abdul Baha who himself was so poor could give to those who were still poorer? It was by going without things himself. He gave his bed to someone who was ill and slept on the stone floor of his room. When a well-to-do friend discovered this and sent him a bed and mattress he soon gave that away also. "How could I sleep in luxury," he said, "when so many have nothing?" He went without his meals in order to have food for the hungry. Often he would say to his family: "You have had two meals today and there are many who have had none. Shall we not give away our evening meal to those whose need is greater than ours?" So with joyful hearts they would make the sacrifice.

Abdul Baha loves his enemies just as much as he loves his friends. There was a man living in Acca who hated him and wished to harm him. He thought Abdul Baha's teaching about all the religions being true was wrong. He was very poor and could not buy the food which he needed. Abdul Baha knew this and every day sent him a basket of food. When he was ill Abdul Baha sent him a physician. The man took the food and the physician's help, but still he hated Abdul Baha and tried to injure him; and when he met Abdul Baha on the street he held his cloak up in front of his face so he could not see him.

Day after day, for twenty-four years, Abdul Baha sent his food and his love to this man. And day after day the man hated and reviled him. But at last he could hold out no longer. He came to Abdul Baha, threw himself at his feet, and cried: "Forgive me, sir! For twenty-four years I have done evil to you. For twenty-four years you have done good to me. Now I know I have been in the wrong."

Even animals feel love like this. Abdul Baha was walking one day on the plains just outside the city

walls. High up in the sky a hawk was chasing a little bird. The poor little bird flew hither and thither seeking to escape, but there was no hiding place on that barren prairie. All at once it saw Abdul Baha. With lightning speed down it flew, straight into a fold of his coat. There it stayed, happy and safe from its enemy.

As the years went by the news of the love and wisdom of Abdul Baha reached many countries. Visitors from all over western Asia came to Acca to see him. Mohammedans from Persia, travelling on foot, braved the hot sun of the Arabian desert to reach Acca. Buddhists from far-away Burmah and Zoroastrians from Bombay, India; Jews from Russia and Christians from Europe and America met together in the prison city, drawn by their common longing to see this servant of God. And all these men, of different religions and races, sat down together in Abdul Baha's house and ate at his table as though they were brothers. Abdul Baha served the meals himself. He, the host, was the servant of all. As he passed the food he would tell them how glorious it is for the people of all nations to live together in love. The time has come, he would say, to put into practice Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

For a few years the rulers of Acca allowed him to see these visitors. But at last so many hundreds came that they grew suspicious. "Could it be that all these people came so far just to hear Abdul Baha tell of the love of God? No, men do not love God so much as that," they reasoned in their wicked hearts. They decided that Abdul Baha must be starting a political rebellion. And they shut him again close within the prison.

The Italian consul was much distressed at this new persecution. He planned to rescue Abdul Baha from

the cruel Turks. So he sent an Italian steamer to carry him to Europe. For three days the steamer waited off the harbor of Haifa, while the friends of Abdul Baha plead with him to escape.

"No," said Abdul Baha, "the Bab did not run away. Baha'o'llah did not run away. I shall not run away." So the ship was obliged to leave without him.

In 1908 there was a revolution in Turkey, and Abdul Baha was set free. He went into exile and prison a little boy of nine. He came out an old man of sixty-four. His hair was white, his face furrowed with the lines of many sorrows. But his step was full of vigor and his heart radiant with love.

In 1911 and 1912 he made a visit to Europe and America. Wherever he went he was invited to speak before large audiences. Universities, churches of many denominations, Jewish synagogues, societies whose members are striving to reform the world, all opened their doors to him. He also received many visitors, often a hundred and fifty a day. He rose at four o'clock in the morning and many times went without his meals in order to see them all. From sunrise until midnight he received his guests. One day, in London, he saw eighteen callers before his breakfast at half past seven. He talked with learned men about science, with statesmen about politics, with little children about their games. He loved everyone, tramps and thieves, rich and poor, high and low. He welcomed all with radiant kindness.

"Why do all the guests who visit you come away with shining faces?" someone asked him.

"I cannot tell you," he replied, "but in all those upon whom I look I see only the Face of our Heavenly Father."

A SAINT AND A POET FROM INDIA

CHAPTER XXII

A SAINT AND A POET FROM INDIA

IN the same year that Baha'o'llah was born in Persia there was born in a mansion in Calcutta, India, a little Hindu boy. This was Devindranath Tagore. His father, a prince of India, was immensely wealthy. So rich was he that even his slippers were covered with precious stones. Thus Devindranath, like Baha'o'llah, grew up in a palace, surrounded by every luxury.

When he was eighteen years old his grandmother died. As he sat thinking of her, and how her pure soul would enter the wonderful spiritual world, suddenly he felt God's presence very near to him. It enveloped him like celestial moonlight. He lay awake all night, he was so happy. All at once his liking for wealth and fine clothes left him. He realized that the only thing worth living for was to please God and to become conscious of His presence.

He decided that the best way to serve God would be to try to reform the religion of India. Like the people in other parts of the world the Hindus had ceased to follow their great teachers. The words of these teachers had been written down in sacred books called the *Upanishads* and the *Vedas*. But the people forgot to read them. Like jewels hidden in the ground they were covered over, as the years went by, with many false beliefs.

A brilliant Hindu scholar named Raja Rammohan Roy had tried to recover these precious jewels. He

wished to persuade the people of India to follow their light once more. He had read the Koran of Mohammed, the Bible of the Christians, the poets and teachers of Persia, and the Gospel of Buddha. He learned from them all. In them all he read that there is only one God and the worship of idols must be abolished. He started a new church in Calcutta called the Brahma Somaj. Here all the Bibles of the world might be studied, as he had studied them.

Devindranath Tagore's father went to this Brahma Somaj church, and now Devindranath joined it. With great zeal he began to read the old Hindu scriptures and to translate them for his countrymen.

He had worked at this joyous task for eight years when there came to him a duty of another sort. His father, the prince, died, leaving large debts to be paid. Devindranath gave to the creditors all his father's business and estates. When this was not sufficient to pay the debts he gave up the estates which his father had given to him for his own. He and his family were left in absolute poverty. He did not keep back a single penny. Yet he considered it one of the greatest joys and blessings of his life thus to give away all his property, if need be, to do what was right, "I have taken another step forward in the search for God," he said. "I had read in the *Upanishads* about the peace and happiness of him who desires nothing, and now I tasted it in real life."

His father's creditors held a meeting and refused to take the generous son's property. They returned his estates to him and bade him earn with them sufficient money to pay what was owed.

So Devindranath, who much preferred the quiet of his study, entered the business world. He managed his property with such skill and energy that at the end of ten years he paid back every cent which his

father owed. He also paid all the gifts which his father had promised to various societies to help the poor.

When the debts were all paid he left Calcutta to take a rest in the Himalaya Mountains. This place had been made holy by the prayers of many Hindu saints who had been there before him. In the clear and silent mountain air under the glistening snow peaks he could pray, and he believed he could see God. Higher and higher he climbed, up into the beautiful mountains. The higher he climbed the more pure did his mind become. At last in great joy he did see God. With "inner vision," there in the "Himalaya hills, the holy land of God," he saw the glorious presence about him. He saw God's spirit within him, and he was wondrously happy. He saw God's truth and it made him free. And he thought, "I will stay here and enjoy it for years."

Suddenly, one day, as he stood by a rushing mountain torrent, a voice spoke within him. It bade him go down from the mountains and "make known to the world the truth he had gained." He looked at the crystal stream at his feet. It did not stay in the high mountains where all was pure and clean. It flowed down to water the plains far below. Even if it was stained with the soil of the plains and the dirt of the cities it must flow and serve. He, too, must go down with the water of life which God had poured into his mind. He must serve his countrymen. "It was God's command that I go back home," he said. "Could man's will hold out against that?" So he made ready to return.

Soon he started on a journey through northeastern India to teach the pure religion he had discovered. A young man named Chesub Chunder Sen joined him. Chesub Chunder Sen loved to praise the Christ. He told the Hindus of the life of Jesus. He called Jesus

the glory of Asia. He said the Christ was an Asiatic. Christ showed the grandeur of which the Asiatics were capable. Chesub Chunder Sen, like the Unitarians, and the Bahais of the West, read and loved the bibles of China and of the Moslems, of the Jews and of the Christians. All holy books, he said, are inspired by the one God.

Chesub Chunder Sen and Devindranath Tagore became the chief leaders of these new churches in India called the Brahma Somaj. Devindranath Tagore's life was so pure and he served the Hindu people so heroically that he was called "Maharshi," which means a great saint.

Maharshi Tagore owned the mansion in Calcutta which had been his father's. There, in the year 1861, his little son, Rabindranath (Rah-bin'-dra-nath), was born. This son was to carry on his teaching.

Rabi, as he was called until he grew up, was a beautiful child, but rather delicate. His mother died when he was very young and he was cared for by servants. His distinguished father was often away from home and the servants did what they pleased with the little boy. When they did not want to be bothered with him they would mark a chalk circle in a room beside a window and forbid Rabi to step outside its lines. There the little boy would sit, hour after hour, watching what happened in the garden below his window. Beneath a great banyan tree in the garden there was a sort of a swimming pool. About it were cocoanut palms. Here the neighbors' boys would often come and bathe.

"I was very lonely," Mr. Tagore says of these days. "My father I saw very seldom; he was away a great deal, but his presence pervaded the whole house and was one of the deepest influences on my life. Kept in charge of the servants after my mother died, I

used to sit, day after day, in front of the window and picture to myself what was going on in the outer world. From the very first time I can remember I was passionately fond of Nature. Ah, it used to make me mad with joy when I saw the clouds come up in the sky one by one. I felt, even in those very childish days, that I was surrounded with a friend, a companionship, very intense and very intimate, though I did not know how to name it. I had such an exceeding love for Nature, I cannot tell how to describe it to you; but Nature was a kind of loving companion always with me, and always revealing to me some fresh beauty.

“In the morning of autumn I would run into the garden the moment I got up from sleep. A scent of leaves and grass, wet with dew, seemed to embrace me, and the dawn, all tender and fresh with the new-awakened rays of the sun, held out its face to me to greet me beneath the trembling vesture of palm leaves. Nature shut her hands and laughingly asked every day, ‘What have I got inside?’ and nothing seemed impossible.”¹

Again, in a letter he writes: “I but faintly remember the days of my early childhood. But I do remember that in the mornings, every now and then, a kind of unspeakable joy, without any cause, used to overflow my heart. The whole world seemed to me full of mysteries. Every day I used to dig the earth with a little bamboo stick thinking I might discover one of them. All the beauty, sweetness, and scent of this world, all the movements of the people, the noises in the street, the cry of the kites, the cocoanut trees in the family garden, the banyan tree by the pond, the shadow on the water, the morning perfume of

¹ From *Rabindranath Tagore*, by Ernest Rhys. The Macmillan Company, copyright, 1915. Used by permission.

the blossoms,"¹ all these made him feel a presence which he later knew was God.

From his earliest boyhood he loved poetry. The rhymes in his primer set his heart dancing. He liked to read over and over such words even as "the rain patters, the leaf quivers," or "the rain falls pit-a-pat, the tide comes up the river."

One day when he was about six years old he was found at his mother's door reading a poem, one of the great classics of India. It was a thrilling story called the Ramayana (Ra-ma-ya'-na). He had found a dog-eared copy in the servants' quarters. He was so overcome by its wondrous story that he sat and wept as he read. His aunt thought he was too young to read such books and she took it away. But ever after that if some one would read to him the poems of the Ramayana he was made happy.

When he was eight years old he wrote poetry for himself. One of the officers of his father's estates gave him a blue blank book. He ruled it and began to compose verses. His elder brother thought they were fine. So he led little Rabi all about the house, from person to person, and had him read his poems from his blank book.

Soon Rabi began to sing also. There was a dear old man who lived in the house. He was bald and had not a tooth in his head. But his heart was very kind. He never spoke evil of anyone. He never criticized anyone. His smile was bright with happiness and he used to sing songs to make other people happy.

He discovered that Rabi had a beautiful voice. And, indeed, he "sang like a bird." So he took the little boy by the hand and they went about singing to the members of the household. The dear old man

¹ Quoted from article in the *New York Times*.

would play on his sitar while Rabi sang. Then he would join in the chorus.

Soon Rabi composed songs of his own and sang them to the joy of his friends. By the time he was eighteen years old his poems were well known all through the big city of Calcutta. When he was twenty he was the editor of a magazine and had written a novel. Soon his poems and stories were known throughout a large part of India; and before many years had passed thousands of people sang his songs. Peasants sang them when they rose in the early morning to greet the sunrise. Shepherds, as they rested under the trees in the hot hours of the Indian noontide, recited his verses.

One day, when he was a young man, Rabindranath had a beautiful vision, in which the world became glorious. After this experience he prayed more and more. He tried to make his heart pure and good. He prayed for the help to write beautiful songs. He prayed to God; "Oh, Master Poet, I have sat down at Thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute, for Thee to fill with music." And as he prayed God's music came singing into his heart, and he wrote poems of exquisite beauty.

When he was twenty-three years old his father sent him to take care of his estates at Shilaida, near the Ganges river. There the poet lived for a long time in a house boat. He was very kind to the peasants on the estate. He went about and visited the sick and prescribed medicines for them. He forbade the overseers to oppress the people. The peasants were very poor and had a hard time paying their rents. In fact they had not paid any rents for so long that they owed a hundred thousand rupees. Mr. Tagore told them he would give them this rent. They need not pay it at all.

He tried in every way to help the poor people of India. But their sufferings were so great that he could do little. So he decided to train up others to help him in this service. And he founded a school which has become one of the best in all India.

This school is a hundred miles north of Calcutta in a lovely plain. Maharshi Tagore, the poet's father, was one day looking for a quiet spot where he might pray and think of God. In his search he chanced upon this spot which was then very lonely. He sat down under a tree and commenced his meditation.

Now it happened that a robber chief, searching for a place where he might hide, had also found this spot and here established himself.

As the Maharshi sat under the tree the robber slipped out from his lair and crept toward him. He saw bright jewels on the Maharshi's clothes. He planned to steal them. But when he was quite near the Maharshi spoke to him. The saint's face was so kind and pure that the robber listened. Little by little the words he heard entered into his heart. He decided to give up his robber's life and become an honest man. Maharshi Tagore took him home with him and the robber became a servant in his household. There he served faithfully for the rest of his life.

In this place where the robber chief had lived Maharshi Tagore built a chapel. He planted trees and flowers and made a beautiful garden about the house. Here anyone who wished might come and in the silence worship God.

When, in 1902, his son, the poet, wanted to start his new school Maharshi Tagore gave him this place with its chapel.

From all over India boys now come to Mr. Tagore's school and learn to live as "brothers with one mind." And here Mr. Tagore lives in their midst

a quiet and a simple life, teaching the boys and writing prayers and songs of praise to God, the Master Singer.

Each morning, at this school, the boys are roused from sleep, not by an alarm clock or a bell, but by a song sung by a chorus of their companions who go about under the windows. The boys thus wakened jump out of bed and bathe and dress. Then what do you think they do next? Each boy takes a mat and, going out into the garden, sits down on the ground under a tree and spends fifteen minutes in meditation and prayer. They must start the day thinking of God. At the end of the fifteen minutes they all gather together and repeat the following prayer which is taken from the ancient Hindu scriptures:

“O God, Thou art our Father. Make us conscious that Thou art our Father. We bow to Thee. Make our obeisance real. Do not let us stray from Thy presence. O Lord! O Father! Forgive us all our sins and give unto us only what is good! We bow to Thee who givest us happiness and good. We bow to Thee in whom all happiness and good rest. We bow again and again to Thee who art good and greater than all good.”

After this morning prayer they have their breakfast. Then school begins. The schoolroom is the beautiful woodland surrounding the house where the boys live. The pupils sit on mats under the trees in little circles around their teacher, fifteen boys and a teacher. They study and recite for three hours. Then come lunch and rest and play. Then two or three hours more of study in the afternoon.

After that most of the boys go to their games of football and cricket. But some, whose hearts are full of love, will tramp or run to a nearby village. Here they teach the very poor children who cannot

go to school how to read and write. Their poet-teacher has told them that God loves "the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost," and they must love them too. Sometimes they help these children when the roof of a hut needs repairing or some carpenter work must be done.

Then, tired perhaps, but with hearts happy with the joy of having served, the boys return to school.

Before supper there is another time of prayer, out under the trees. After supper some listen to the reading of stories, a tale of ancient India, or perhaps a novel written by Dickens or Scott in far-away England. Others prepare plays. Still others write articles for their school magazines, of which they have five.

Twice a week, in the evening, Mr. Tagore gives the boys a short talk about God and His glory. Some of the boys wrote out a number of these talks and had them bound into a book. Then they brought the book to Mr. Tagore. How pleased he was to find that his boys had listened and remembered so well! One of the talks in this volume was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a magazine in America.

A little boy of eight came to Mr. Tagore one day and asked to be told how to make poetry. He wanted to write like his teacher. The kindly poet thought this was too difficult for a boy of eight. But the little boy persevered and before he was ten he wrote poems for the school magazine.

Rabindranath Tagore reads many books from many countries. He believes the people of India can learn from all. He sent his son to attend the University of Illinois in America. Here they knew things about agriculture which the people of India had not yet learned. This son, after studying in America for four years, went home to India to teach the Hindus

to be more scientific farmers. Mr. Tagore also advises other young men to study in America in order that they may teach their countrymen the splendid methods of the West.

In 1912 Mr. Tagore, with his son, visited Europe and America. He was welcomed by many literary people. He spoke in universities and in Unitarian churches. In 1914 he was given the Nobel Prize because his poems are so beautiful and inspiring. His books are read by many people in Europe and America. And his readers rejoice that God has poured the "holy stream" of His music through the life and pen of this melodious singer of India.

SOLDIERS OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE

CHAPTER XXIII

SOLDIERS OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE

IN ancient days throngs of men and women used to gather in the Coliseum at Rome to watch gladiators fight with wild animals. Whenever a man won in the battle the vast audience would rise to its feet and shout applause.

But we do not call the gladiators heroes, no matter how fearlessly they may have struck down their antagonists. This is because they did nothing with all their courage which was of any value to mankind. God does not wish anyone to risk his life just to amuse an audience.

There have been many wars when men, to please some rulers and politicians, have killed each other while a nation shouted applause.

As Christ's teachings spread throughout the world people realized how cruel and wicked were these battles in the arena. And they gave them up.

Soon they will also realize that wars, where thousands of men are killed and Christ's teaching of love is forgotten, are equally savage and cruel. And they will not waste their lives to please ambitious rulers, but will save them to serve God.

We believe that a wonderful age is coming. Zoroaster and Buddha, Jesus and the Hebrew prophets all told of it. When it arrives men shall come together from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and shall greet each other as brothers.

Isaiah, a hero of ancient Israel, describes it. In those days, he says, men shall beat their swords into

plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all peoples shall see it together. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. The lion shall eat straw like the ox. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and a little child shall lead them. And the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea.¹

This means that people who are fierce and warlike as wolves and lions shall become peace-loving; that gentle peoples and savage races shall all become friends. And they will listen to the teaching of God's heroes even though they be little children. Then men shall know God and be filled with his Holy Spirit even as the waters cover the sea.

This age is coming to our world. It is as sure to appear as the spring is to follow the winter. We must help to bring it in. God's hosts of light, his heroes, are lined up in battle array on the heights of the heavenly world. In their midst is the Prince of Peace. They are watching for us to enlist in God's new army. The armies of the nations have brought death, for they have fought with swords of steel. God's army will bring life, for their weapons are His truth and His love. The old armies taught men to hate. The new soldiers will teach them to love. The old army set race against race. The soldiers of the Prince of Peace will teach men that all peoples are like the leaves on an autumn tree. Some are brown, some red, some black, and some white. But they are all the leaves of one tree, the family of the one God.

¹ Arranged from Isaiah, 2:4; 40:5; 35:1; 11:6, 7, 9.

The Prince of Peace is calling for volunteers. Let us take up these swords of light and join his army. God himself will fight with us. He will pour the fire of his courage and love into our hearts, and with his help we will vanquish the hatred and ignorance of the world. God will help us to build up his kingdom of universal religion and universal peace. And his kingdom for countless ages will grow and grow in glory.

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